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For the Ladies Magazine.

*On the NATURE and ESSENTIAL
QUALITIES of POETRY, as dis-
tinguished from PROSE.*

TO settle with precision the limits which divide poetic from prosaic composition, may perhaps appear, at first sight, to be neither very difficult, nor very interesting. As, however, one great object of this society is, the enjoyment of free and friendly conversation upon subjects connected with science, it is probable, that topics, which are not in themselves of the greatest importance, may sometimes open a wider field, than others of more intrinsic excellence. Where much may be said in support of different hypotheses, we may hope for that collision of friendly argument, which may strike out some sparks, both of amusement and information. Thus, a comparatively trifling subject may eventually

contribute to the noblest uses, to the exercise of the mental faculties, and to the diffusion of candour and intelligence. Our time will not be quite mispent, if we can only glean from the topic before us, a single hour's agreeable and literary entertainment.

"Wherein consists the *essence* of POETRY," is a question, which it will not be so easy to answer, as may at first be imagined. Different authors have given very different definitions. Some have denominated it, "The art of expressing our thoughts by fiction." Others have imagined its essence to lie, in "The power of imitation:"—and others again, in "The art of giving pleasure." But it is evident, that fiction, imitation, and pleasure, are not the properties of poetry alone. Prosaic composition may contain the most ingenious fables. It may present the most striking resemblances. It may inspire the most sensible delight.

Poetry

Poetry has been generally denominated an ART. Horace, if he himself gave the title to his own celebrated and admirable poem, has characterized it under that name. The term itself (*poiesis*) would naturally lead to the same idea; for it seems to imply, that labour and ingenuity, the necessary companions of art, must be employed in poetic composition. But certainly, it has the nearest affinity to science of any other art; for all its excellence consists in its presenting science in a peculiar and engaging dress. An art, by which science is assisted, and sentiment exalted; by which the imagination is elevated, the heart delighted, and the noblest passions of the human soul expressed, improved, and heightened, will appear important enough, to have its boundaries exactly drawn, and the limits ascertained, which divide it from its humble neighbour. Or, if this be not possible, to have its general and larger characteristics clearly represented.

What is it, then, which constitutes the poetic essence, and distinguishes it from prose? Is it metre? Or is it something entirely different; sublimity of sentiment, boldness of figure, grandeur of description, or embellishment of imagination? Let us attend to the arguments which may be offered in behalf of both these hypotheses.

"The characteristic nature of poetry, it may be said, consists in elevation of thought, in imagery, in ornament."

"For, have there not been real

poems formed, without the shackles of regular verse? Poems, which none, but a fastidious critic would scruple a moment to honour with that name? Is not Telemachus a noble epic poem? For who would dare to degrade it to a lower character? Who would refuse the appellation to the Death of Abel, which those, who understand the German language speak of with so much rapture? Or to the Incas of Marmontel, which the French celebrate, with equal enthusiasm of praise?

"Does not elevation of sentiment of itself produce modulation of language? The soul, inspired with great ideas, naturally treads with a lofty step. There is a dignity in all her movements. She declaims with a measured, solemn, majestic utterance. Her style is sonorous, and swelling. These attributes indicate; these constitute the poet. They give strength and feeling to his compositions. Where these are found, who would look for any higher claims, before he would confer the palm of poetic honours? Where these are wanting, what other properties could give even the shadow of a title? Who would refuse the title of bard to the great Master of Hebrew song? For what can be more truly sublime, or poetical, than many of the psalms of David? And yet, after the ingenious labours of the learned Dr. Lowth, the metre or rhyme has not been exactly ascertained; and probably will not, because it does not exist. The harmony of numbers, of which every

every ear must be sensible, arises purely from the native impulse of a soul, inspired with sentiments, which it could not possibly express in any language, but what was fervid and poetical.

"By this theory, it may be said, we account for the common remark, that the original language of mankind was poetical: because, in the infancy of the world, every thing would naturally excite admiration, and vehement passion. Their rude and imperfect speech would bear inscribed upon it, the stamp of strong and animated feeling. It would resemble the harangues of Indian orators, at this day, whose speeches are accompanied with tones and gestures, which to a cultivated European, appear extravagantly pompous. Their lives were full of danger and variety. New scenes were continually opening upon them. Growing arts and sciences were presenting new objects of curiosity. Hence their feelings were amazingly intense. And hence their language was bold, and poetically sublime. Longinus, in the fragment of a treatise, which is unhappily lost, has this sentiment. "Measure belongs properly to poetry, as it sonates the passions, and their language; it uses fiction and fable, which naturally produce numbers and harmony."

It may be added, in support of this definition, "That our own inimitable poet, than whom none seems more to have enjoyed the inspiration of the Muse, describes the poet, as chiefly distinguished by the fervour of Imagination.

He does not, indeed, assign him the most honourable company; but he makes ample amends, by a description of poetic fancy, wonderfully brilliant and captivating.

*"The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact.
One sees* * * *

*That is the madman: the lover, all
as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty on a brow of
Egypt:*

*The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven, to earth,
from earth to heaven;*

*And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the
poet's pen*

*Turns them to shapes, and gives to
airy nothing,*

A local habitation and a name."

SHAKESPEARE.

"Who can forbear applying to the poet, what has been so justly applied to the great critic, lately quoted.

*"He is himself the great sublime
he draws!"*

"Horace, likewise, seems to rank himself on this side of the question in the fourth satire of his first book, where he endeavours to settle the point of Poetic Character. He first excepts himself from the number of those, to whom he would allow the name of Poet; because compositions like his own, "sermoni propiora," do not give a just claim to the appellation. He then describes the real bard;

U

Ingenium

*Ingenium cui sit; cui mens divinator,
atque os
Magna sonaturum, des nominis hujus
honorem.*

"With respect to himself, and to Lucilius, he tells us, that if you take away the order and the measure, their verses would become "fermo merus," mere prose. Not so, if you take in pieces that line of Ennius.

*"Postquam discordia tetra
Belli ferratis postes, portasque re-
fregit."*

For then, he exclaims,

*"Invenias etiam disjecti membra
poetae!"*

"The true poetic essence, then consists in elevation, imagery, and grandeur; to which modulation is no more than an adjunct; necessary indeed, because it, in some degree, necessarily accompanies animated and poetic sentiment."

To these arguments, it may be replied: "That the modesty of Horace, in excepting himself from the rank and honours of poetic character, will not be admitted, even with respect to those verses, as to which alone he made the exception. For, who has not in every age classed the Epistles and Satires of Horace, in the number of poetic compositions, though, as he says, his style only.

*"Pede certo
Differt sermoni: sermo merus."*

"If we adhere rigorously to this definition, shall we not ex-

clude many candidates, from whom we should be sorry to pluck the well-earned wreath of poetic fame? All verses, where the subject is low or ridiculous, as the Hudibras of Butler; where it is simple and narrative, as the Fables of Gay; or even, where it is plaintive and melancholy, as the Church Yard of Gray, must be banished from the region of the Muse. Parnassus must be, 'all cliff,' without a single vale in all its circuit. None must then be deemed a poet, who cannot soar to its loftiest summit, on Epic, or Heroic wing. If we should form an index expurgatorius upon this principle, what havoc should we make among the minor poets? How many should we exclude, whom every lover of the Muse ranks, with grateful veneration, in the number of her inspired votaries?

"Elevation of sentiment, imagery, and creative fancy, are not to be found in poetry alone. They often belong as much to the orator. For where will you find nobler flights of imagination, loftier sentiments, bolder addresses to the passions, or more animated, we might say, modulated language, than in the Orations of Cicero; not to mention those of our modern orators, whose eloquence, however, we would not scruple to compare with that of the most admired ancients?

"If we might argue from the name, poetry, we should naturally conclude, that the ancients themselves understood by the term, not those irregular modulations, which naturally arose from the impulse

impulse of strong and impassioned feelings, from grandeur of sentiment, from beauty, or boldness of imagery; but something more artificial and elaborate; something which demanded more effort and ingenuity to form, than merely arose from the effusions of a glowing heart?

"Is not, then, the proper and peculiar characteristic of poetry, that metre or rhythm, which the ear so easily distinguishes, and with which it is so unspeakably delighted? Is not this the great distinction between the modulation of poetry and prose; that the one is regular, determined by certain laws, and returning upon the ear at stated periods; whilst the other has no standard but the general sense of harmony, and is infinitely irregular and various? The imagery or sentiment is a mere circumstance, which does not constitute, however it may adorn, poetic composition. We can suppose nonsense in prose. Can we not equally suppose nonsense in poetry? And yet, shall there not be an essential difference between poetic and prosaic jargon? If so, something else, besides the sentiment or sense, is the boundary between them. And what is this but that metre or melody, without which, the language which conveys the loftiest sentiments may be indeed poetical, but can never be poetry itself."

To finished and perfect poetry, or rather to the highest order of poetic compositions, are necessary, elevation of sentiment, fire of imagination, and regularity of

metre. This is the summit of Parnassus. But from this sublimest point, there are gradual declinations, till you come to the region of prose. The last line of separation is that of regular metre. And in common language, not having settled with precision the nature or boundaries of either, we often apply the poetic character with great latitude to compositions, which have more or less of the preceding qualities, but which are formed into uniform and regular verse. Often the name is given to works, which have nothing to distinguish them, but mere number. What has not this metrical modulation, we call poetical; and what has it, we call prosaic, solely upon account of the sentiment. For poetry and prose, like two colours, easily distinguishable from each other in their pure, unmixed state, melt into one another by almost imperceptible shades, till the distinction is entirely lost. Their general characters are widely different. Their approximations admit of the nearest resemblances.

With respect to mere number, the difficulty is not great, in the present cultivated state of language, for any person, of a tolerable ear, to tag together lines, the music of which shall be flowing and agreeable. Hence the multitudes of indifferent poets, who abound amongst us! But it has been justly observed, that a state of cultivated society is not favourable to those bolder exertions of poetic fancy, which elevate, astonish, and delight the mind.

We

We may account for the formation of regular verse on another principle. This same animated feeling which prompted men to dance and sing, would also prompt them to express themselves with energy of tone, of stile, of sentiment. It would lead them to endeavour to adapt their language to their song. But, in order to this union, it must become measured and exact. Hence the early formation of verse, which when once adopted, would, for the reasons before mentioned, be immediately employed to convey their laws and histories to future ages. It differed but little from the common style of their orations. At least, the difference was not to be compared with that which is found in the more advanced periods of society, and of language.

We have already observed, that in the early ages of mankind, when their lives were filled with toils and dangers, and when new and interesting events were continually opening upon them, their passions would correspond to their situation, and would be various, vehement, and active. Civilization and science have, as it were, minced into finer portions, the feelings of the heart. By this means we enjoy a far greater number of pleasurable sensations, and upon the whole I doubt not a much larger sum of happiness. The life of an Indian consists either of glare, or of darkness. He is either transported by passion, or sunk into stupor. These larger masses have been broken by the hand of culture into smaller

pieces, which are in perpetual currency, and which maintain among us a more equal and constant enjoyment.

But from hence it will follow, that the strong poetic character may be expected to decline as taste improves. We may perhaps hope to excel in softness, delicacy, and refinement; but these are feeble graces. The mind soon tires with the perpetual chime of smooth versification, and with the unvaried flow of gentle and unimpassioned sentiment. The bursts of honest nature, the glow of animated feeling, the imagery, the enthusiasm——These are the charming properties, which will for ever exalt the poems, in which they are found, to the first order of poetic excellence. For these, no appendages of art can be deemed an adequate compensation.

A writer, whom I cannot mention without great respect, notwithstanding our difference of opinion upon some interesting subjects, seems not to have settled accurately his own idea of poetic essence. Dr. Johnson, many of whose criticisms upon the English poets indicate the strength of judgment, and some the elegance of taste, says, in his life of Milton. "Poetry is the art of uniting pleasure with truth, by calling imagination to the aid of reason." He then mentions the different sciences, of which the poet should be a master; history, morality, policy, the knowledge of the passions, physiology. "To put these materials to poetical use, is required an imagination capable of painting nature, and realizing

realizing fiction. Nor can he yet be a poet, till he has obtained the whole expansion of his language, distinguished all the delicacies of phrase, and all the colours of words, and learned to adjust all these different sounds, to all the variety of metrical modulation." In these last words, metrical modulation is supposed to be a necessary adjunct to knowledge and imagination. In another place he says, "It is by the music of metre, that poetry has been discriminated in all languages." And yet he had just before said, "That, perhaps, of poetry, as a mental operation, metre or music is no necessary adjunct." I am unwilling to draw any other inference from these passages than this, that, such is the difficulty of settling with precision the poetic essence, even Dr. Johnson is inaccurate and inconsistent.

If, in order to avoid this charge, it be said, that a distinction is made between poetry, as a mental operation, and poetry as an actual expression of the thoughts in language, then it will follow, that a person may be a mental poet, without being a practical one; because he may possess imagination, feeling, &c. without being able to express these mental operations in a proper manner. He may have poetical ideas, but not poetical style. And, exactly in the same sense, a man might be an orator or a painter, without being able to speak in public, or to use the pencil.

I beg leave to finish the subject by a few observations on modu-

lation of language, which have suggested themselves, in the course of the foregoing speculations.

Different languages vary exceedingly widely, in their capability of modulation; and from this cause will vary as much in the mode and character of their rhythm, or musical composition. Every good and rounded style in prose, as well as in poetry, has a metre, or music, which the ear, when at all refined by classical taste, can immediately feel and enjoy. There is in finished composition as much of melody and sweetness in the arrangement of prosaic syllables, as in the most poetical. The ear as nicely discriminates the soft, the plaintive, the bold, the nervous, the elegant, by the flow of musical expression, as in the most exact and perfect poem. From this circumstance alone, we are able at once to distinguish the style of Addison and Sherlock, of Tillotson, and Watts, and Young. We distinguish them as easily as a connoisseur in music, who feels at once the compositions of Handel, and those of Corelli.

It is probable the ears of the ancient Romans and Grecians were more nicely tuned to discern the melody of arrangement, and of cadence than ours. Or probably we have lost that "tune," or mode of pronunciation, in which their languages were spoken, for a modern ear cannot feel that richness and harmony of numbers, which appears to have been to them so inexpressibly delightful. "Cicero tells us that he was himself a witness of its influence, as

Carbo

Carbo was once haranguing the people. When that orator pronounced the following sentence: 'Patris dictum sapiens temeritas filii comprobavit,' it was astonishing, says he, to observe the general applause which followed that harmonious close. And he tells us that if the final measure had been changed, and the words placed in a different order, their whole effect would have been absolutely destroyed."

This musicalness, and flow of numerous composition, which charms the ear of every judicious reader, is certainly felt most strongly when it is read aloud with taste and expression. But when read with the eye only, without the accompaniment of the voice, there is a fainter association of the sound, the shadow of the music, as it were, connected with the words; so that we can judge as exactly of the composition as if it were audible to the ear. This power of associating sound with vision, is formed gradually by habit; for common people, who are not much accustomed to books, hardly understand any thing they read, unless it be accompanied with the voice. And some gentlemen are said to have acquired this art of mental combination so perfectly, as to read even the notes of a musical composition with considerable pleasure. The difference of modulation in languages, must give a different character and expression to their poetic compositions. The Grecian and Roman tongues were so happily constructed, that their verse easily distinguished it-

self by its arrangement, and therefore needed no secondary or artificial aid. It has been thought that our English tongue is not equally happy; and that therefore, rhyme is in general necessary to make the discrimination perfect, and to give that chime or music to the ear, which the succession of long and short syllables alone could not effect. The fact adduced in support of this observation by Dr. Johnson* is certainly true; "that very few poems in blank verse have long maintained a character among us. Thomson, and above all, Milton, are great exceptions, but their style is singular. They formed themselves upon no model, and are originals which we may admire, but ought not to attempt to copy."

This remark, though, perhaps, in some degree just, is, however, degrading. And if the tag of rhyme be in general necessary to our English poetry, it will be an additional argument in favour of that hypothesis, which supposes metre to be the grand criterion of poetic diction.

Yet methinks the Doctor is too severe, when he says, "The variety of pauses so much boasted of by the lovers of blank verse, changes the measures of an English Poet into the periods of a declaimer." To me there appears a very essential difference between the pauses of verse, and those of mere declamation. The poetry of Milton has been celebrated by the best judges, as inimitably

* *Life of Milton.*

beautiful and harmonious, from the amazing variety, and judicious changes of the pause. These are so admirably disposed, that the ear hardly ever tires. There is none of that perpetual sameness, and recurrence of sound which in common blank verse is so insufferably disgusting. Surely, the verse of Milton is not, "verse only to the eye." I cannot therefore, subscribe to Dr. Johnson's sentiment, "that all the power of Milton's poetry consists in the sublimity of his sentiment, or the peculiar (he elsewhere calls it 'perverse and pedantic') arrangement of his style." His sentiments are indeed lofty and noble; but his metre also is inexpressibly rich, mellow, and harmonious. Which ever hypothesis therefore we adopt, as to the constituent character of poetry, that of Milton will have every praise,—of sentiment,—of imagery,—of modulation.

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The ESSAYIST.

NUMBER IV.

On true and false Charity.

THE most amiable feature in the character of a man is sympathy. The exertion of this principle was what the great Creator had in his eye when he placed man in society. It is a principle given wholly for the purpose of society, and in solitude, could we suppose mankind in such a situation, could never be called

forth. But it happens very unfortunately for us, that the best virtues of the soul, unless under the government of reason and experience, become rather an inconvenience than an ornament to our own character, and to others, rather a useles than a profitable aid. The exertions of charity depend upon the strength of the feelings; but when the impulse of these feelings is implicitly obeyed, we fall into an error, bestow our charity where it is not merited, and by this means deprive ourselves of an opportunity of assisting the really needy, as our hearts would dictate. It is this circumstance which constitutes what I call true and false charity; a division not so much founded on real logical distinction, as that I am obliged to give the name false, to many actions and instances of charity, which in a more refined state of the world, would have been denominated true. That sympathy which profits ourselves and others, is the exercise and sentiment of benevolence, towards such as are reduced to misfortune from unavoidable causes; but false charity confounds the guilty with the unfortunate. This last is productive of the most pernicious consequences, both to the individual and to society. It makes the really charitable man appear weak and mean; it encourages the idleness and immorality of the object, and, with the bulk of mankind, it brings charity into disesteem. True charity is a virtue connected both with a good head and a good heart, both with wisdom and virtue. False charity

charity may be in a good heart, but seldom is under the restrictions of prudence. The one regards the future effects and consequences; the other is mindful only of the present moment. The one elevates a character, and is a blessing to all around it; the latter demeans the possessor, and often mars the good purposes he wishes to serve. The truly charitable, by selecting objects of real distress, dispenses benevolence with singular and obvious utility; the false charitable, by giving promiscuously to all, encourages the vicious, and disappoints the good. Both act from the same principle; but by acting in different ways, the one finds the fruits of his goodness in an increase of happiness among the objects of his benevolence; while the other is often obliged to sit down with the sorrowful reflection, that his heartfelt sympathy has only raised his private character among a few, but prevented his public utility to the world. The one is continually feasted with a review of the good he has done, and is daily hailed with grateful emotions by many to whom he has proved a real friend; while the other is perpetually chagrined at his want of discernment in the choice of his objects, and vexed to think that his good intentions are lost for want of more prudent execution. The one insures friendship and gratitude; the other has daily reason to complain of ingratitude and baseness, without considering that from those whom he had honoured with his bounty, little else was to be expected but baseness and

ingratitude. The one is fit to live in a world diversified as this is with a mixture of deceit and sincerity; the other is only calculated for a world where misfortune exists without guilt, and where every man is as true a friend to open-heartedness as himself. The one becomes to the world an object of love, the other very often an object both of contempt and pity. The one descends into the vale of years, with thousands gently smoothing the passage before him with their tears and their love; while the other frequently experiences, without a hand to help, all those woes that he has formerly been the means of relieving others from. Both are shocked at the sight of pain, and perhaps in an equal degree; but the one enquires into the real state and cause of that pain, while the other considers only the suffering, and is lavish of his assistance indiscriminately. In a word, the motive of both is the same; but the one promotes the purposes of real charity, while the other, by an injudicious distribution of his wealth, procures in some instances the good of a worthy individual, but for the most part gratifies the cravings of the vicious. The merit of the intentions is equal in both, but the truly charitable only have the merit of the execution.

My friend Alworthy—peace be to his manes! was an instance of the first kind of charitable men. He very early inherited a considerable estate, and as his education was admirably calculated to encourage every virtuous emotion, he

he soon felt himself inclined to tread the steps of his amiable ancestors, and dedicate a considerable part of his yearly income to the poor. He did not, however, as many may expect, lay out his money in public charities, where there is too often reason to expect abuse, but made diligent enquiries after that species of the necessitous, who have by unforeseen and unmerited calamity, been reduced from an elevated to a debased state, yet whose pride (if pride it may be called) did not allow them to implore the assistance of the wealthy. By these means, the good he dispensed was a public good; and as his fortune was large, his bounty without limits, and the objects only of the most deserving kind, in a few years he had the satisfaction to see some hundreds restored to their pristine happiness, merely by a prudential assistance, bestowed at a proper time, and in a proper manner. At the same time, where it was necessary, he bestowed his charity in a manner, so delicate and unaffected, as to take off in a considerable measure, that poignant sense of obligation, which has been termed pride, and which, to avoid, many have perished on a dunghill; and this they chose to do, rather than be humble suppliants to the grandeur they have just fallen from. But heaven soon deprived the world of this public blessing; and when he approached his final departure,

—“*That which should accompany
my old age,*

“*As honour, love, obedience, troops
of friends,*”

was his portion. And when he died, the very happiness he had been the occasion of seemed to die with him, so keen was the sorrow which this event created in the many grateful hearts which he left to lament his loss.

How reverse was the ‘conduct,’ how opposite the ‘character,’ of Mr. Largette! born to an extensive fortune, and worthy family, he inherited the virtues of the latter by the ties of early precept, as he did the former by the right of heirship; but unfortunately he had a heart by much too tender, and a head too weak for the duplicity that prevails in a very considerable part of the world. He was, as the poet says, ‘tremblingly alive all o’er,’ to every degree of seeming distress; and without giving himself time to enquire into the cause or reality, he dealt out his riches with so lavish a hand that in a few years he left not to himself wherewithal to live. It was sufficient recommendation to him that you said you needed money, for immediately his purse was at your service. The sight of any of those idle wretches that walk in our streets was a temptation he never could resist, and a guinea or a halfpenny had the same value with him when any object of seeming distress was in question.

“*Careless their merits or their
faults to scan,*

“*His pity gave, ere charity began.*”

But this world is not the soil where promiscuous charity can be safely planted. When this gentleman came to need assistance himself, as soon as he did, he found none of that incautious zeal in others towards misfortune which he had possessed; but in its stead, reproaches for the folly of his conduct, and not a single individual to excuse the motive, if they could not the deed. Added to this, he was continually tormented with the reflection, that he had in almost every instance defeated the purposes of real charity, by feeding the idleness and avarice of any impostor that could counterfeit distress; and that he had deprived himself of the pleasure he might have enjoyed in relieving the real instances of poverty, as well as of those comforts without which the end of a man's life is pain and sorrow.

From these reflections and instances we have occasion to remark, that there are some virtues, the impulse of which is to be carefully corrected by wisdom, otherwise they approach nearly to a vice; and that in obeying the emotions of a good heart, it is necessary no less to respect the consequences than the motive, for the first may be fatal, even when the last is praise-worthy. By the abuse of religion, piety has been brought into disrepute; and by the abuse of charity, sympathy is thought to be an useless and dangerous weakness.



S E L I M A.

An Oriental Tale.

SELIMA was the daughter of Abdallah, a Persian of some distinction in the reign of Abas the Great; but being distinguished withdrew from court, and settled on the banks of the Zenderoud. He had likewise a retreat in Mount Taurus; and as Selima had a taste for solitude, he often accompanied her there during the excessive heats of summer. No expence was spared to render this abode delightful; the walks were lined with trees of various fruits and foliage; and flowers, of a thousand different hues and odours, painted the parterre. It was furnished with water from the adjacent mountains, which pouring down a natural cascade, was afterwards divided into smaller streams, and distributed to every part of the garden. The murmuring of these little rills, and the soft melody of the birds, gave the mind a peculiar turn to musing; and as Selima was naturally disposed to reflection, she enjoyed this recess with double pleasure, and never left it but with extreme regret.

She was now in her twenty-first year, and was often rallied by her cousin Zara on her fondness for retirement. "To what end," she would say, "is all that enchanting bloom, those eyes sparkling with the most vivid lustre, and these innumerable graces that are diffused over your whole person, if they are ever to be buried in solitude! You were intended, by nature

nature, to excite the love and admiration of all mankind; obey her dictates, and no longer exclude yourself from the world: young Ibrahim pants for a sight of you, and, though contrary to our rules, I have promised to use all my interest for his admittance."

"I tremble," replied Selima, "at the proposal, and can by no means consent to such an interview; it is contrary to my duty, offends my delicacy, and troubles my repose. The pleasures of love are too tumultuous, and little suited to a heart like mine."

Zara was silent, yet still determined to pursue her point, and withdraw her cousin from a solitude she thought so injurious to her, and which, in her opinion, was only proper for the old, the melancholy, and the deformed.

It was in one of these fine autumnal evenings, which, in the southern parts of Persia, are so delightful, that she proposed to Selima to take a walk along the banks of the Zenderoud, with an intention to carry her to a house in the suburbs of the Isfaham, where Ibrahim had formed a party to entertain them. The moon and stars shone with uncommon splendor, and were reflected from the surface of the river with additional lustre; the woodbines and jessamines, which grew in great profusion, filled the air with their fragrance, and the trembling leaves which the dying gales had yet left in motion, diversified the scene, and made it altogether charming.

"How transporting," cried

Selima, "are these rural delights! I taste them pure and unmixed! Alas! how different from those delusive pleasures, which play upon the senses for a moment, and leave nothing behind them but uneasiness and regret!"

"You are much mistaken," interrupted Zara, "if you think there are no other amusements you are capable of relishing; and if you are pleased to permit me, I will immediately conduct you where you will meet with some infinitely superior."

Amazement and surprise stopped Selima; a sudden tremor shook her whole frame, and, before she could recover herself, a thin mist arising from the river, condensed into a cloud, and covered her entirely from the view of her companion. A pleasing slumber stole upon her senses, and when she awoke, she found herself upon the highest peak of mount Taurus; she had scarce time for recollection, when one of those benevolent genii, who preside over the good and virtuous, thus addressed her:

"I have saved thee, O Selima! if not from ruin, yet, at least, from the extremest danger. The importunities of Zara would, at length, have prevailed; and wine, music, and the softest tales of love, would unitedly have contributed to thy undoing. Those objects which affect the senses strike most strongly, and numbers rest there without looking farther, or considering the great end of their existence. To convince thee of this truth, close thy eyes for a moment, and tell me what thou seest."

"I see,"

"I see," said Selima, a vast expanse of water, and one small island in the midst of it; a river divides it into two parts, equally productive of the conveniencies of life, and traced out into numberless little paths, which at length unite in one common road on each side of the river. This spot seems to be inhabited by the same species of beings, but their employments and pursuits are extremely different: those on the left hand are either perpetually toiling to amass little heaps of earth, and gather together the various productions of the soil, in much greater quantities than they can possibly make use of, or, impatient of labour, consume in riot and excess, that necessary portion which is allotted them for their support. They travel, indeed, through different paths, but their tendency is the same; and I see them successively plunging into that illimitable track of waters, with looks full of anxiety and solicitude, or with an air of the greatest gaiety and unconcern. To the right is exhibited a very different scene: a pleasing cheerfulness dwells upon every face, except a few, whose melancholy cast and disposition of mind, throws a gloom on all which they behold. These chuse out the most difficult paths; they look with horror on every innocent amusement, and partake even of the necessaries of life with cheerfulness and trembling. Their journey is safe, but very unpleasant; and, like weary travellers, they are continually wishing for an end of it. Their happier

companions, who travel with great alacrity along the borders of the river, taste its refreshing stream, and gather with a frugal but unsparing hand, whatever the luxuriant soil affords them. A firm persuasion of a never-failing supply, takes from them all solicitude; light, and disencumbered of every care, they press forward with incredible ardor; their views extend, the prospect opens, and a flood of glory, brighter than the mid-day sun, receives them to unutterable bliss and rapture."

"What thou hast seen," said the genius, "requires no explanation: I shall only observe to thee, that human life is that portion of time allotted to mortals, by way of trial; and every thing necessary to make it easy and delightful, is freely given, and may be enjoyed, within proper limitations, with perfect innocence and safety: in the excess lies all the danger, and the unavoidable consequence of that excess, is misery. This profusion of good things, is thus indulgently poured out around thee by the great Author of thy being: every pleasure thou possessest flows from his immediate bounty, and, to him thou art indebted for those external graces which adorn thy person, as well as for the moral and intellectual beauties of thy mind. The proper return for all these favours, is a grateful heart, and a cheerful obedience and submission to his will. Consider him as the fountain of thy happiness, and he will necessarily become the supreme object of thy affections; and friendship, love, and every human

human passion, will give place to this divine ardor."

Selima was still listening to the genius, with great attention, and expecting the sequel of his discourse, when looking up, she found he had disappeared. She was troubled at his leaving her, and uneasy to think how she should descend from the summit of the mountain, when a bird of the finest plumage flew before her, and conducted her down the declivity with the greatest ease and safety.



*Of the SIMILITUDE between the
EGYPTIANS and ABYSSINI-
ANS.—By Mr. BRUCE.*

IT being my opinion that the Abyssinians are the same people with the ancient Egyptians, I would enquire whether there is the same conformity of rules in the dietetique regimen, between them and Egypt, that we should expect to find from such relation? This is a much surer way of judging, than by resemblance of external customs.

The old Egyptians as we are told by sacred scripture, did not eat with strangers. The Egyptians worshipped the cow, and the shepherds lived upon her flesh, which made them a separate people, that could not eat nor communicate together.

The Abyssinians did neither eat nor drink with strangers, though they have no reason for this; and it is now a mere prejudice, because the old occasion for this re-

gulation is lost. They break, or purify, however, every vessel a stranger of any kind shall have ate or drank in. The custom then is copied from the Egyptians, and they have preserved it, though the Egyptians reason does no longer hold.

Some historians say, the Egyptian women anciently enjoyed a full liberty of intercourse with the males, which was not the case in the generality of eastern nations; and we must, therefore, think it was derived from Abyssinia; for there the women lives as it were in common, and their enjoyments and gratifications have no other bounds but their own will. They, however pretend to have a principle, that, if they marry, they should be wives of one husband; and yet this principle does not bind, but, like most of the other duties, serves to reason upon, and to laugh at, in conversation. Herodotus tells us, it was the same with the Egyptians.

The Egyptians made no account of the mother what her state was; if the father was free, the child followed the condition of the father. This is strictly so in Abyssinia. The king's child, by a negro slave, bought with money, or taken in war, is as near in succeeding to the crown, as any one of twenty children that he has older than that one, and born of the noblest woman of the count-

The men in Egypt did neither buy nor sell; the same is the case at Abyssinia. It is infamy for a man to go to market, or buy any thing. He cannot carry water or break bread, but he must wash the cloaths

cloaths belonging to both sexes, and, in this function, the women cannot help him. In Abyssinia the men carry their burdens on their heads, the women on their shoulders; and this difference we are told, prevailed in Egypt. It is plain, that this buying and selling in the public market, by women, must have ended whenever jealousy or sequestration of that sex began; for this reason it ended early in Egypt; but, for the opposite reason, it subsists in Abyssinia.

It was a sort of impiety in Egypt to eat a calf; and the reason was plain, they worshipped the cow. In Abyssinia, no man eats veal, although every one very willingly eats a cow. The Egyptian reason no longer subsists as in the former case, but the prejudice remains, though they have forgot the reason.

The Abyssinians eat no wild or water-fowl, not even the goose, which was a great delicacy in Egypt. Thereason of this is, that upon their conversion to Judaism, they were forced to relinquish their ancient municipal customs, as far as they were contrary to the Mosaic law; and the animals in their country, not corresponding in form, kind, nor name, with those mentioned in the Septuagint, or original Hebrew, it has followed, that there are many of each class that know not whether they are clean or not; and a wonderful confusion and uncertainty has followed, through ignorance or mistake, being unwilling to violate the law in any one instance, through not understanding it.

It is here I propose to take notice of an unnatural custom which prevails universally in Abyssinia, and which in early ages seems to have been common to the whole world. I did not think that any person of moderate knowledge, in profane learning, would have been ignorant of this remarkable custom among the nations of the east. But what still more surprized me, and is the least pardonable part of the whole, was the ignorance of part of the law of God, the earliest that was given to man, the most frequently noted, insisted upon, and prohibited. I have said, in the course of the narrative of my journey from Masuah, that, a small distance from Axurn, I overtook on the way three travellers, who seemed to be soldiers, driving a cow before them. They halted at a brook, threw down the beast, and one of them cut a pretty large collop of flesh from its buttocks; after which they drove the cow gently on as before. A violent outcry was raised in England at hearing this circumstance, which they did not hesitate to pronounce *impossible*, when the manners and customs of Abyssinia, were to them utterly unknown. The Jesuits, established in Abyssinia for above a hundred years, had told them of that people eating raw meat, in every page, and yet that they were ignorant of this. Pontet too, had done the same, but Pontet they had not read; and if any writer upon Ethiopia had omitted to mention it, it was because it was one of those facts too notorious to be repeated to swell a volume.

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That this practice likewise prevailed in Europe, as well as in Asia and Africa, may be collected from various authors. The Greeks had their bloody feasts and sacrifices, where they ate living flesh; these were called Omophagia. Arnobius says, "let us pass over the horrid scenes presented at the Bacchanalian feast, wherein, with a counterfeited fury, though with a truly depraved heart, you twine a number of serpents around you, and, pretending to be possessed with some god, or spirit, you tear to pieces, with bloody mouths, the bowels of living goats, which cry all the time from the torture they suffer." From all this it appears, that the practice of the Abyssinians eating living animals, was very far from being new, or, what was nonsensically said, *impossible*.

Although we read from the Jesuits a great deal about marriage and Polygamy, yet there is nothing which may be averred more truly, than that there is no such thing as marriage in Abyssinia, unless that which is contracted by mutual consent, without other forms, subsisting only till dissolved by dissent of one or other, and to be renewed and repeated as often as it is agreeable to both parties; when they please, they cohabit together as man and wife, after having divorced, had children by others, or whether they have been married or not. I remember to have been once at Koscam, in presence of the Iteghi, when, in the circle, there was a woman of great quality, and seven men, who had been her husbands, none

of whom was the happy spouse at that time.

Upon separation, they divide the children. The eldest son falls to the mother's first choice, and the eldest daughter to the father. If there is but one daughter, and all the rest sons, she is assigned to the father. If there is but one son, and all the rest daughters, he is the right of the mother. If the numbers are unequal after the first election, they are divided by lot.

The king in his marriage uses no other ceremony than this—He sends an Azage to the house where the lady lives, when the officer announces to her, it is the king's pleasure that she should remove to the palace. She then dresses herself in the best manner, and immediately obeys. Thenceforward he assigns her an apartment in the palace, and gives her a house elsewhere, in any part she chuses. Then when he makes her Iteghi, it seems to be the nearest resemblance to marriage; for, whether in the court, or in the camp, he orders one of the officers to pronounce in his presence, that he, the king, has chosen his hand-maid (naming her) to be his queen; upon which the crown is put upon her head, but she is not anointed.



LETTER from a Brother to a Sister at a Boarding-School.

DEAR MARY,

I Present you with an extract from Dr. Richard Hey's Dissertation

ertation on Suicide. The first part of it makes a proper sequel to what I observed in my last, respecting the care of your health; the last shows what a happy effect the exercise of the benevolent affections, or, in other words, the exercise of true politeness, tends to have upon the mind; and the whole, so far as it extends, is such an excellent direction for the conduct of life, as is not easily to be equalled.

"Endeavour to preserve all your natural powers in their most vigorous state. Remember always the strict though inexplicable connection between the body and mind; between the disorders of the one and those of the other. This will be a motive to the practice of temperance and all the other methods which are recommended for giving and preserving due vigour to the bodily machine. It will also make you careful to watch and suppress every irregular motion of your mental principles of action. The mind and the body require your attention, not merely each on account of itself, but also for the influence which each has upon the other."

"Thus prepared, regulate your course of life in such a manner, that the active portions of your time may create a relish for those which are more directly given up to enjoyment, and that the portions allowed to enjoyment may prepare you for a return to those of action. Place not the action and the enjoyment in such opposition to each other, that the one may appear to be the happiness

of your life, and the other its misery;* but consider them as forming, in harmony with each other, the highest degree of happiness which is permitted to mortals in their present imperfect state."

Here permit me, for a moment, to leave Dr. Hey, in order to introduce to you Miss Hannah More, one of the sweetest songstresses now on the British plains.

"Expect not perfect happiness below,

Nor heav'nly plants on earth's low soil to grow.

*By love directed, and in mercy meant,
Are trials suffer'd, and afflictions sent;*

To stem impetuous passion's furious tide,

To curb the insolence of prosperous pride;

To wean from earth, and bid our wishes soar

To that blest clime, where pain shall be no more,

Where wearied virtue shall for refuge fly,

And ev'ry tear be wip'd from ev'ry eye."

To return. "The pleasures which have a tendency to dissipate and enervate, should be used with a prudent reserve; lest they should introduce an habitual lassitude and depression, which may degenerate into melancholy. But there are other pleasures, in which you may indulge more freely; taking with you always this caution, that we live not here in a continued scene of exalted felicity,

* *How common is it to do this!*

ty,

ty, and therefore that the expectation of it is a certain cause of disappointment.

"Above all, indulge your propensities of the benevolent kind. It is impossible, indeed, that you should be engaged without intermission in conferring benefits of the first magnitude; but there is a serene spirit of benevolence, mixing itself with every action of social intercourse, which smooths the ruggedness perpetually raised by the clashing of petty interests. Encourage in yourself this spirit: look upon a human being, not as a foe, but as a friend. Give scope to your natural affections; yet temper them with a mild discretion. Apply yourself, in the retired path of domestic life, to alleviate the anxious labours, to promote the innocent enjoyments, of all around you. But when your good fortune presents you with an opportunity of relieving deep distress, of conferring a great and durable benefit, seize it with avidity. The immediate gratification will transport you beyond the bounds of ordinary pleasure; and, which is more important, the future retrospect will cheer the disconsolate hours of dejection."

So far Dr. Hey. I must now instruct you in a strain more humble.

It is necessary that all, who would be tolerated in society, should be either *useful* or *agreeable*. The first, generally speaking, is effected by *knowledge* and *good-sense*; the latter by *amiable dispositions*. I say generally; because, though these qualities have

naturally the effects of being useful and agreeable respectively, yet each, in some cases, produces both. The reason is, that knowledge and good-sense are, in themselves, pleasant, and therefore, when hindered by no opposite cause, render the possessors of them *agreeable* as well as *useful*; and that scarce any person, who endeavours to render himself *agreeable*, is so destitute of abilities, as that he cannot, in some respects, be also *useful*. But that the *proper* effect of each is as I have stated, is evident. We often hear it said, "Such a one is a very sensible, intelligent man; and the advice and information which he is able to give, render him extremely useful; but really he is far from being *agreeable*: we never find ourselves easy and happy in his company."

Again; "Such a one is a very agreeable companion; his constant attention to *please* has an irresistible charm; but, when I stand in need of advice or information, I must, I find, seek it elsewhere; the weakness of his judgment deters me from relying on him for the one, and his ignorance bids me not to expect the other."

We will, then, for the present, confine our regard to the *proper* effect of each. It will follow, therefore, from my first position, that every one is bound to cultivate his *head* or his *heart*; the head as the storehouse of knowledge, or the heart as the seat of amiable affections. To those, who aspire to any thing above the common level, to more than is

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barely

barely sufficient to procure a reception, I would say, "Cultivate both;" for a cultivation of both is necessary to make any considerable approaches towards a perfect character. It is in life, as in poetry;

Justly do these the highest praises find,

Who, while they please, are useful to mankind.*

But to those, who will rest content with the least that is required, I would say, "Consider on which of these you can best depend for success, and take your measures accordingly. One or the other is indispensable. If you are conscious of mental powers, which by a due degree of culture, will give you a superiority over the generality of people, in sense and knowledge, you may rest your success on *them*. You have only to cultivate them carefully; and you may rest assured, such is the importance of these qualities to mankind, that they will procure you a good reception. But if you are conscious of nothing of this; if you despair of being *useful* by your *talents*; remember, it only remains, that, in order to be welcome, you must *please* by your *manners*."

To women, as I have before hinted, this enquiry is short and easy. They would all, were they guided by reason and nature, acknowledge that the *heart* is the proper object of their care; and

* *Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.*

that it is only by gentleness and manners, and all the train of sweet attractions which flow from a good disposition, that they can accomplish the conquests at which they aim; for well they know,

That hearts by hearts alone can be subdued.

I say not this to degrade the mental powers of the female sex, or to repress the due exertion of them. I am ready to acknowledge, that there are many instances, in which they have been most brilliantly displayed, and at the same time meekly borne. But I mean to say, that the improvement of the intellectual powers, to a high degree, is not the *first*, the *peculiar* province of the fair. It is not that, by which their excellence is to be estimated, and from which their highest glory must arise. To confirm this sentiment, I might, were it necessary, produce a cloud of witnesses. Pericles, in his oration to the Athenian ladies, says, "Aspire only to those virtues, that are *peculiar to your sex*: follow your natural modesty, and think it your greatest commendation, not to be talked of one way or the other." Thomson, after mentioning dancing, needle-work, music, drawing, &c. thus speaks in raptures of the effects of an amiable disposition;

*"To give society its highest state;
Well-ordered home man's best delight
to make;
And by submissive wisdom, modest
skill,*

With

*With every gentle care-eluding art,
To raise the virtues, animate the
bliss,*

*And sweeten all the toils of human
life ;*

*This be the female dignity and
praise."*

Miss More, after supposing
a female genius to be deserving
of a place among the highest ranks
of the literati, adds,

*" Yet, if the milder graces of the
mind,*

*Graces peculiar to the sex design'd,
Good nature, patience, sweetness void
of art ;*

*If these embellish'd not your virgin
heart,*

*You might be dazzling, but not tru-
ly bright,*

*A pompous glare, but not a useful
light ;*

*A meteor, not a star, you would ap-
pear,*

*For woman shines but in her proper
sphere."*

You will see then, dear sister,
if you think this opinion just,
what ought to engage your chief
regard. You will see that though,
in a woman (so far, I mean, as
her reception in the world is con-
cerned) deficiency in knowledge
may be pardoned, yet amiable
dispositions are indispensable ;
and that, in any one, there is the
less reason for their being dispen-
sed with, in proportion as other
qualities are wanting.

But it will be proper to make
one or two observations more, in
order to bring this theory home
to yourself.

When I considered learning
and ability as compensating for
the want of obliging and amiable
dispositions, I had regard to a su-
perior degree of each. Let none,
therefore, claim this privilege, on
the score of possessing a common
understanding, or of having ac-
quired a smattering of literature.
This, indeed, is a species of self-
deceit, which should be guarded
against with the utmost caution.
People, for want of an opportuni-
ty or inclination of comparing
themselves with others, are very
apt to mistake with respect to the
measure of their understanding.
And, with respect to learning, it
is to be observed, that, in this en-
lightened age, some *taste* for liter-
ary subjects is expected of all,
who are admitted into company,
claiming the title of *genteel*. Such
attainments in literature, there-
fore, as are necessary for this pur-
pose, I mean not to dignify with
the name of *learning*, nor con-
sider as entitled to the privilege I
mentioned. On the contrary, I
regard them as one of the necessa-
ry means, by which even amiable
dispositions themselves are to be
expressed. It is scarce possible to
traffic in the commerce of pleas-
ing, unless we can make our pay-
ments in the customary coin.
With respect to yourself, Mary,
these arguments come with an
additional weight. You have
not merely to secure a good re-
ception in company ; you have a
further purpose to answer. What
that purpose is, I have often told
you, and need not now repeat.
I shall, therefore, only recom-
mend to your consideration, whe-
ther,

ther, in order to answer it, there is not a necessity for your being *useful* as well as *agreeable*? and whether consequently, you are not under an obligation to improve your *understanding* as well as your *disposition*, your *head* as well as your *heart*? I remain, dear sister, your's, &c.

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For the Ladies Magazine.

ON THE PRIDE OF OUTWARD APPEARANCE.

Keep up appearances; there lies the test!

The world will give thee credit for the rest.

IN this age of luxury and dissipation, the only idol is appearance, at whose shrine almost all the world pay homage. The intrinsic merits of a man, such as honour, probity, and virtue, are no longer considered as the characteristic marks by which we are to judge of him. If he lives high, and treats freely, he will never fail to have his sycophants and parasites, though he owes 'his greatness to his country's ruin,' and fattens himself on the wrecks of the widow, and spoils of the fatherless. Whoever is accustomed to frequent public houses, must have observed, what a strange difference is paid to appearances. The plain citizen, who dresses suitably to his character, whatever his fortune in life may be, if he happens not to be known, may call a long while for what he

wants, while the youth, in the modern dress of the blood and buck, and who is a complete master of the *bon ton*, though he is known by all the waiters, to be the servile debtor of his taylor, shoemaker, hatter, and friseur, and is supposed to owe his unhappy existence to swindling, sharping, and gambling, yet such a genius will always be first attended to, and treated with the greatest respect; because he keeps up appearances. I have often been diverted to see some of these coxcombs, who, with a salary hardly equal to a journeyman bricklayer, or blacksmith, assume all the airs of greatness, and affect a more ineffable contempt for every one, who is not, like themselves, dressed more like a monkey than a man. Among these gentry, however, there is always something of a shabby-genteel to be observed. A large stone ring, neither more nor less in value than five shillings, covers one half of their delicate little finger, and a pair of plated buckles of nearly the same value, hides a great part of the defects of a pair of shoes, often grown old in their service. A stick, is often seen dangling on their lily white wrist. A pair of boots is, to this kind of gentry, a happy substitute for silk stockings, since they both hide holes and dirt, and is seldom troublesome to the laundress. Indeed, I cannot help thinking, that this piece of frugality, was the happy invention of necessity to keep up appearances. There can be nothing more absurd and ridiculous, than for any person to endeavour

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to keep up appearances beyond what their fortunes may support; for, whatever may be the adoration they receive from the world, under the deceitful appearance of grandeur and affluence, when their real circumstances come to be discovered, and want and poverty, take place of magnificence and splendour, they then become even the mock and ridicule of the servants, and spend the remainder of their days in penury, disgrace, and fervility. It must indeed be confessed, that many a poor and illiterate practitioner in physic, has made his fortune in the world, by keeping up appearances. Recommend to the sick old lady, any particular physician, and the only question she will ask concerning him, will be, "Does he keep a carriage?" for it has been believed, that the sound of a physician's carriage wheels at the door, has performed more cures, than pill, bolus, or lotion, or all the united efforts of the whole materia medica.

To keep up appearances, therefore, seems to be the first article in the creed of the modern polite; while that of living frugally, and within those limits which fortune prescribes to every one, seems to be preserved only for mean and vulgar souls, who have no taste, and who have not yet learned how to live.

REVIEWER.



A PLAN FOR A MATRIMONIAL LOTTERY.

To the EDITORS of the LADIES MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

THE scarcity of husbands is a very common complaint, and it is no less true, that there appear among men a great aversion to the holy state of matrimony; and a most wonderful attachment to the state and condition of celibacy; that the men are often proof even against wealth, if a wife be the binding condition, and often are not to be moved by beauty, wit, good sense, or any female accomplishment. Indeed, I am so much of a Platonist, as to think, that if a man proposes no other advantages from marriage, but the gratification of desires, which he has in common with his horse, or his dog, it may be charity to the fair sex, to dissuade such a man from marriage, as it is very improbable that he would make a good husband.

I do not exactly remember, what the proportion of maidens to bachelors was, during the war, but it was certainly very great, and I think it is but little abated since the peace. Some judgment may, perhaps, be formed from the newspapers, where we read of a score of deaths, for one marriage; and perhaps, ten score of robberies, thefts, and other disasters, for one instance of an old bachelor being converted into a husband. Musing on this subject a few

night,

nights since; and thinking how to persuade men into matrimony, I fell into a reverie, or dream; in the course of which, methought I strived to establish a *Lottery, for the disposal of Bachelors in Marriage*. Certain writers, have always been allowed the privilege of dreaming, now and then, and, provided they do not compose their readers to sleep, I think dreaming thoughts may amuse, as well as waking ones.

My scheme for this matrimonial lottery, may be thus explained.

I make a collection of all the bachelors in the states, but as the number is too great for one scheme, I select fifty thousand of them. As this number is composed of men, habile and proper for matrimony, in one way or other, it is plain, that if they issue just as many tickets, each ticket must be a prize, and of course, say you, every one who holds a ticket, must have an equal chance for a husband—But not so fast—I do not suppose, that all my fifty thousand bachelors are equally worth having, far from it. Matrimony has often been called a lottery, and I am about to make it appear so, at least as far as my dream will go.

The bad part of these fifty thousand men are the blanks, and I am afraid I cannot publish, as the lottery officers do, that there is not two blanks to a prize; that is too improbable for belief, I shall therefore venture to make the following statement of the wheel.

The best husbands
Very good ditto

Good ditto
Moderate ditto
Very moderate ditto
So and so's
John trots
Fond fools
Drunken ditto
Unfaithful ditto
Impious ditto
Extravagant ditto
Stupid ditto
Rich ditto
Avaricious ditto
Poor (in wealth) ditto
Poor (in spirit) ditto
Noble as to birth ditto
Old ditto
Young ditto
Handsome ditto
Ugly ditto
Ordinary ditto
Bad—very bad—and the very worst.

Of these I suppose the fifty thousand to consist, and when all these are considered, it will appear, that the blanks will be as six to the prizes, so that you have six chances for a bad, indifferent, or ordinary one, for one chance for the best. This may be thought unfair, but it is not my fault; I cannot make men, though I can propose lotteries; and as all husbands are of one or other of the above classes; and as no woman can judge of a man before marriage, it follows, that she who purchases a ticket in my lottery, has as good a chance, as she who takes a husband in the old way; nay, she has a superior advantage in one respect, for she is certain of a husband of one kind or other, and if he happens to be bad, she may,

may, perhaps, make him better.

"And I saw in my dream," that the tickets were at first, rather low priced, not above 10*l*. each; and that some ladies purchased fifty, and some an hundred of them, and bought and sold, and transferred their tickets, as is done in money lotteries. In short, before the drawing of the lottery, I supposed, (for my dream ended here) that all the tickets were bought up, the intended husbands marked at the—Office, correspondent to the several tickets, and the drawing commenced.—The very best husbands were the greatest prizes, and certainly of more value than the three thousand pounds in the New York (late) lottery.

Thus far I had written, when I again dozed, and methought I was present at the drawing, every day while it lasted. But who can describe the sweet solicitude, the painful anxiety, that appeared in the faces of the holders of the tickets, when the wheel went round! Two little boys in the character of *Cupid*, drew out the tickets, and a person in the character of *Hymen*, proclaimed the success.

The first I observed was *Flirtilla*, a noted coquet of my acquaintance, who had jilted a score of lovers, and never could be brought to listen to the addresses of a worthy man who had long courted her. She expected the great prize, and had she got it, I am afraid she would have made a bad use of fortune's favour, but when the ticket came up, I

thought she would have fainted away, and no wonder, her prize was one of the indifferent husbands, who cared not for her coquetry, and indeed was himself a male coquet, and most insufferable fop.

Myrtilla, a gay, lively, provoking beauty, who loved above all things to tyrannize over the men, got a stupid one, who bade fair to despise her authority, and undervalue those charms which she had so wantonly exercised against others.

Maria, the fair, the modest, the good, got the first GREAT PRIZE, for her prize was one of the very best of husbands. Now the buzz ran through the people: Who is she? Who is she? said every one; but she retired with a modest unconsciousness of her success, and became what she had long deserved to be—the happy wife, of a happy husband.—And here my dream ended.

So much, Mr. Editors, for this novel speculation.—Husbands are in truth of all kinds—and happy only are they, who have that virtuous disposition to be happy, which will always transcend considerations of wit, wealth, or grandeur.

S.



The LADIES FRIEND.

NUMBER II.

On Conjugal Affection.

LOVE is a term so very vague and indiscriminate, as it is generally applied, that it would be extremely

extremely difficult to investigate its nature from its effects, in any other case but that of marriage; as the modes, perhaps, of feeling, or at least of expressing it, vary, according to the temper, manner, or situation, of each individual who either feels or feigns the passion.

But Conjugal Affection is by no means subject to such equivocal appearances; it is tenderness, heightened by passion, and strengthened by esteem. It is unmixed with any selfish or sensual alloy, tending solely to promote the happiness of its object here and hereafter.

Such an elevated state of happiness as must result from the affection I have described, when mutual, must surely be the acme of human felicity. But, as the point of perfection is that of declension also, it will require much pains (but they are pleasing ones) to make the ever-turning wheel of sublunary bliss keep steady to the summit it has reached, or at least to prevent its rolling down the rugged precipice where jealousy, disgust, and grief, have marked the horrid road.

The disappointments of human life must ever be proportioned to the extravagance of our expectations. Too great an ardour to be blessed is frequently the source of misery. A life of transport is not the lot of mortals. While we accept, we should chastise our joys, 'lest while we clasp, we kill them.'

That concord of souls which constitutes the happiness of marriage, like a full concert, requires

all the 'parts obliged' to fill their several stations in perfect harmony, one jarring note destroys the rapturous strain, and turns the whole to discord. For this reason, I consider a parity of understanding and temper to be as necessary towards forming an happy marriage, as an equality of years, rank, and fortune.

But grant these circumstances all conjoin, and make the union perfect, remember my fair friends, satiety succeeds to rapture, as sure as night to day. Be it your province, then, to keep your husband's heart from sinking into the incurable disease of tasteless apathy. Do not rely too much upon your personal charms, however great, to preserve the conquest they may have gained.

By a proper attention to your husband, you will easily discover the bent of his genius and inclinations. To that turn all your thoughts, and let your words and actions solely tend to that great point. The kindness of your attention will awaken his, and gratitude will strengthen his affection, imperceptibly even to himself.

Our first parent justifies his fondness for Eve, to Raphael, upon this principle:

*'Neither her outside formed so
fair, &c.
So much delights me as those graceful
acts,
Those thousand decencies, that daily
flow
From all her words and actions,
mixed with love,
And sweet compliance, which declare
unfeigned*

Union

*Union of mind, or in us both one soul;
Harmony to behold in wedded pair,
More grateful than harmonious sound
to the ear.*

In an age like this, when we may suppose that every young lady deserves the epithet with which Adam addresses his wife, *Accomplish'd Eve*, it must be less difficult than it might have been for their female ancestors, to secure the affections of a husband already prepossessed in their favour. Let them but exert the same talents, with the same desire of pleasing, which they shewed before marriage, and I'll venture to pronounce that they will succeed.

A love of power and authority is natural to men; and wherever this inclination is most indulged, will be the situation of their choice. Every man ought to be the principal object of attention in his family; of course he should feel himself happier at home than in any other place. It is doubtless, the great business of a woman's life to render his home pleasing to her husband; he will then delight in her society, and not seek abroad for alien amusements. A husband may, possibly, in his daily excursions, see many women whom he thinks handsomer than his wife; but it is generally her fault if he meets with one that he thinks more amiable. A desire of pleasing very rarely fails of its effect; but in a wife, that desire must be managed with the nicest delicacy; it should appear rather in the result, than in the design; 'not obvious, not obtrusive.' These *petits soins* are the

best supplement to our duties, and render the commerce of life delightful. Like an elegant dessert, they complete the feast, and leave not a wish unsatisfied.

We have hitherto looked only on the pleasing side of the tapestry, and seen marriage in its most favourable light. Let us now turn the canvas, and take a view of its defects.

Let us suppose then, what I think the worst of all situations, an amiable young woman, possessing the tenderest affection for her husband, while he, from the natural depravity and inconstancy of his nature, has withdrawn his love from her, and perhaps bestowed it on some unworthy object, to whom he devotes his time and fortune.

In such a state of wretchedness, what line shall our neglected wife pursue? The first step that I would recommend to her, is, that of entering into a serious, strict, and impartial review of her own conduct, even to the minutiae of her dress, and the expressions of her looks, from the first of her acquaintance with her husband. If, after such examination, she cannot discover any fault in her manners that might have given offence, or created disgust, let her steadily pursue the same behaviour she has hitherto practised; for, if that be totally free from error, it is impossible that any alteration can give an additional efficacy to it. For to resent, or to retaliate, neither her duty, nor her religion will permit.

To carry smiles upon the face, when discontent sits brooding

ing at the heart,' is, I confess, one of the most difficult tasks that can possibly be imposed on an ingenuous and feeling soul. But a thorough conviction that it is her province to endeavour to recall the wanderer back, for his own happiness, as well as her's, and a certainty that there are no other means of accomplishing so desirable an end, will enable her to pursue this arduous undertaking, till either her heart shall rejoice in its success, or from reiterated disappointments become indifferent to the worthless object of its former esteem and attention.

Granting the last to be the case, she has a right to expect the good opinion of the world will attend her conduct: but an higher and more certain reward awaits it; self-approbation, arising from a consciousness of having fulfilled her duty, and an assurance of having essayed the only method that was likely to insure success: for never yet was love recalled by lamentations or upbraidings. The first may sometimes, perhaps, create pity, but oftener begets contempt: and the latter never did, nor can produce any passion but instant rage, or cool determined hate.

Recollection may furnish to my fair readers many instances where patient sufferings have been rewarded with returning love; but I think there is scarcely one to be met with, where female violence has ever conquered male outrage: where dissipation and coquetry, though they may have alarmed the pride, ever reclaim-

ed the alienated affections of a husband.

True love, like true virtue, shrinks not on the first attack; it will bear many shocks before it be entirely vanquished. As it contends not for victory, but for the prize, it will not display itself in vain arts of elocution, but in the more powerful eloquence of action; it will leave nothing undone that can prove its sincerity, but it will not boast, even to its object, of what it has done; much less will it vaunt its merits to any other confidence, or complain to the world of the unkind return it has met with.

There are such a variety of circumstances which may disturb the happiness of the marriage-state, that it is impossible to specify them all; but as a virtuous woman will consider the loss of her husband's affection as the greatest calamity that can befall her, her duty and prudence will, before the evil happens, upon every occasion supply rules of conduct to herself; and the reliance she will necessarily have upon the tenderness of his attachment to her, joined to the sincerity of her's to him, will support her through every accident, misfortune, or even imprudence may have brought upon them. She will say, with Prior's Emma,

*Thy rise of fortune did I only wed,
From its decline determined to re-
cede;*

*Did I but purpose to embark with
thee,*

*On the smooth surface of a summer's
sea,*

While

While gentle zephyrs play in prosperous gales,
 And Fortune's favour fills the swelling sails,
 But would forsake the bark and make the shore,
 When the winds whistle, and the tempest roar?
 No, Henry, no! one sacred oath
 has ty'd
 Our loves, our destiny, our lives
 shall guide,
 Nor wild, nor deep, our common
 way divide.

This is the natural language of conjugal affection, this is the fulfilling of the marriage vow, where self is lost in a still dearer object, where tenderness is heightened by distress, and attachment cemented even by the tears of sorrow. Such an union of souls may brave the power of time: and I trust, that death itself shall not be able to destroy it.

SELECT LETTERS,

Or Specimens of FEMALE LITERATURE.

LETTER VII.

Lady JANE GREY to her Sister, the Evening before she was beheaded.

I Have sent you, my dear sister, a book, which, though it be not externally adorned with gold, or the curious embroidery of the most artful needles, yet internally it is of more value than all the precious mines, the wide world

can boast of. It is the book, my dear, and best beloved sister, of the law of our great Redeemer. It is the testimony and last will which he bequeathed to us, wretched sinners, to lead us in the path of eternal happiness; and, if you read it with an attentive mind, and an earnest desire of following its precepts, it will surely bring you to an immortal and everlasting life. It will teach you to live and learn you to die: it will win you more, and endow you with greater felicity, than you could have gained by possessing the estates of our afflicted father: and as you would have inherited his honours and estates, had the Almighty prospered his undertaking: so, if you apply diligently to this book, labouring to direct your life according to the rule it contains, you shall be an inheritor of such riches as neither the covetous can withdraw from you, the thief steal, nor the moth corrupt. Desire with David, my best sister, to understand the law of the Lord; live still to die, that you may by death purchase eternal life: and flatter not yourself that the tenderness of your age, shall lengthen your days; for all hours, times, and seasons, are alike to the Almighty, when he calleth, and blessed are they whose lamps are furnished when he cometh: the Lord will be equally glorified in the young, as in the old. My good sister, once more let me intreat you to learn to die: deny the world, defy the devil, despise the flesh, and delight yourself only in the Lord: be penitent for your sins, but do not despair: be strong in faith,

faith, but do not presume : and desire, with St. Paul, to be dissolved and to be with Christ, with whom even in death, there is life. Imitate the good servant, and even at midnight be waking ; lest, when death stealeth upon you, like a thief in the night, you be found sleeping with the servants of darkness ; and lest, for want of oil, like the foolish virgins, you be refused admittance to the marriage supper, or like him who had not on the wedding garment, be cast into outer darkness. Rejoice in the Redeemer of mankind, as I trust you do ; and as you have taken the name of a Christian, follow, as near as possible, the steps, and be a true imitator of your great Master Jesus Christ : take up your cross, lay your sins on his shoulders, and always embrace him.

With regard to my death, rejoice, as I do, my dearest sister, that I shall be delivered from this mortal body of corruption, and clothed with the garment of incorruption ; for I am assured that I shall, by losing this mortal life, obtain one that is immortal, joyful, and everlasting, which I pray the Almighty to give you, whenever he shall please to call you hence, and to send you his all-saving grace, to live in his fear, and to die in the true Christian faith, from which I exhort you, in the name of your Almighty Father, never to swerve, either from the hopes of life, or the fear of death : for if you would deny his truth, to prolong a weary and corrupt breath, Omnipotence himself would deny you, and cut short

by his vengeance, what you were desirous of prolonging by the loss of your soul. But if you will cleave to him, he will extend your days to a comfort uncircumscribed, and to his own glory : to which God bring me now, and you hereafter, when it shall please him to call you. Farewel, once more, my beloved sister, and put your whole trust in the Almighty, who alone can help you.

Your loving Sister,

JANE GREY.

LETTER VIII.

Queen ELIZABETH, to HENRY IV. of France.

IT is hardly possible to express the extreme grief and dissatisfaction, which has seized me, upon Morland's (the French ambassador at London) representation of things.—Good God ! what a miserable world do we live in ? Could I ever have thought, that any secular consideration, could have prevailed on you to discard a just sense of God, and his fear ? or, could you entertain a jealousy, that the gracious Being, who had so long supported and preserved you, would fail and abandon you at last ? It is, believe me, a dangerous experiment, *to do evil, that good may come*. But, I hope you may be recovered to a better inclination, even the Spirit of a sound mind. In the mean time, I shall not cease to recommend your case to God, in my daily prayers, and earnestly to beseech him

him, that Esau's hands, may not pollute the blessings and birth-rights of Jacob. The promise you made of a sacred and friendly alliance, I conceive myself to have desired, and even earned at a vast expence; but I had not mattered that, had you still kept yourself the man of the same father. From henceforth I cannot look on myself as your sister, in respect to our common father; for I must, and shall always pay a much greater regard to nature, than to choice, in that relation; as I may appeal to God, whom I beseech to recover you into the path of a safer and sounder judgment.

Your Sister, after the old fashioned way. As for the new, I have nothing to do with it.

ELIZABETH.



INTERESTING and PLEASING
REFLECTIONS.

WERE there no apparent difference between fifty and fifteen, the grand-mother would certainly have the advantage every other way, in sense, knowledge, experience, and address, over her grand-daughter. Young fellows, would then be drawn into the embraces of barren sybils, and the world conclude with the play of "*Love's Labour Lost*."

THE Gymnosophists have a fine sentiment; that we are, in this life, born in a state of conception, and that death is our deliv-

ry. A man then, who has lived beyond the bounds prescribed by nature, may, perhaps be considered in the next life, as a monstrous birth. For my part, I desire not to die, before the ordinary fate of human nature; but at the same time, wish with Horace,

"*Nec turpem senectutem degere.*"

Not to consume a loathsome age.

IT is not easy to fall, with a good grace, from a principle to a second, in any point, which we have much at heart; nor can we bear the person, whose superior excellence makes us appear in an inferior light, even to ourselves. Swift is the only author, or person, that I recollect to have met with, who honestly confesses this foible:

"*Why, must I be outdone by Gay,
In my own hum'rous biting way?
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend;
Which I was born to introduce,
Refin'd, it first, and shew'd its use.*"

AS true religion consists in the perfect love of God, I do not see how fear is any way necessary to piety; except that best and strongest of all fears, which proceeds from extreme love. "There is mercy with thee; therefore shalt thou be feared." Fear may deter from vice, but can never conduce to virtue.

The

THE ambition of men is generally proportioned to their capacity; Providence rarely sends any into the world, with an inclination to attempt great things, who have not likewise abilities to perform them.



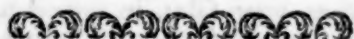
A FEMALE CHARACTER.

"Heaven in her eye, in all her actions dignity and love."

AURELIA is a happiness to her husband, an honour to her sex, and the pride of her family; which, upon account of her prudence, discretion, good sense, and good temper, is in a very affluent condition. Her husband was, when he was first married, inclined to dissipation of every kind, and had even dipt into his estate; but Aurelia has, by her economy, retrieved his fortune, and by her endearing conversation, made home so agreeable to him, that he has not even the temptation remaining, of doing his affairs a second injury, of the like nature. One of Aurelia's children, discovered an early disposition to follow the courses of his father; but Aurelia, by a proper mixture of the mother and the friend, has attracted him so sincerely to what is fair and amiable, that he is now studious, discreet, and sober.

Aurelia is peculiarly delicate in the choice of her ordinary company, avoiding as much as possible all sorts of connexion with the indolent, the rattling and the censo-

rious. She says, she feels pain in such society; and had rather be alone, than among those from whom she can receive neither pleasure nor instruction. Without affecting to be virtuous or beautiful, she is both; and she may be safely proposed as a pattern to her sex.



ANECDOTES.

Peter the Great discovered by a Dutch Inn-keeper.

THE Czar, who always observed the strictest incognito in his travels, on his second journey to Holland, in 1716, entered Nimeguen with his little suite at the close of the day. He went to an inn, and wishing to go to bed early, that he might set off at break of day, ordered only a few eggs, and some butter and cheese for supper: a few bottles of red wine were drank at table, and his suite retired to rest. The following morning, the horses were ready at dawn of day; but before the Czar made his appearance, his purveyor, Dimitry Andreitch Chapeloff, called for a bill. The inn-keeper's demand was an hundred ducats.—Chapeloff, astonished, thought it necessary to remind the landlord that their supper had only consisted of a dozen eggs, and a little butter, cheese, and bread.—“It does not signify, answered mine host, I must have an hundred ducats before you leave the house.”——Chapeloff's rhetoric was thrown away,

away: he would make no abatement. That officer, afraid to insert so weighty an article in his disbursements without his master's knowledge, went and informed the Emperor. Well persuaded that he was not known, he came down, as if accidentally, into the court-yard, the gates of which he found shut by the innkeeper, whom he asked in Dutch, in his way, how he could presume to exact so large a sum for such slender fare?—"An hundred ducats a large sum! said the landlord: if I was an emperor of Russia, I would give a thousand."—On hearing this, the Czar turned his back; without saying a word, made a sign to the purveyor to pay, and walked away. The Dutchman would not open the gates of the yard till he had received his hundred ducats, and wished the gentlemen a good journey.

Peter's generosity and severity in regard to a judge.

THERE was at Moscow a very learned counsellor, who was so celebrated, that his reputation reached the ears of Peter. He had been described to him as so thoroughly acquainted with the ancient and modern law, that his memory retained, in an eminent degree, all the edicts issued by the different Czars. It had even happened frequently that he made the judges acquainted in open court, with laws contrary to his own interest, or the cause he defended; adding, that he rather

chose to lose a suit than to gain it improperly. When a client gave him a false relation of the affair in litigation, so that he did not learn the true circumstances till he heard them in court from the mouth of the adverse party, the loss of his cause gave him no concern.—"I should not have undertaken it," said he, "if my client had not deceived me."

This was a man according to the Czar's own heart. That prince, who never gave credit to public reports till he had scrutinized them himself, was therefore desirous of seeing him. He sent for him repeatedly to his presence, and conversing with him on several obscure points of law, found that he possessed great sagacity, an excellent judgment, and apparent probity. He resolved immediately to employ him, and raised him from the degree of counsellor, to the rank of chief judge or governor of the province of Novogorod. On appointing him to this office, his majesty declared to him, in the most formal manner, that he had as much confidence in his integrity, as in his skill in settling disputes impartially; and that he trusted he would continue to distribute justice in a disinterested manner throughout the extent of his jurisdiction. The new magistrate replied to this flattering mark of esteem by a promise of faithfully fulfilling the duties of his charge; and he kept his word for a considerable time to the Czar's great satisfaction.

After some years, it was publicly reported that he frequently received

received presents: that he perverted the laws, and committed flagrant acts of injustice. Peter, who flattered himself that he had not been mistaken in the man, considered it at first as a calumny; but the murmur redoubling on some important occasion in which the magistrate had been guilty of malversation, he thought it incumbent on him to inquire into the matter.

On making inquiry, the monarch found that the upright judge, corrupted by presents, was no longer so, and that he had more than once made a trade of justice. Reproaching him, therefore, severely with his crime, the magistrate confessed that he had suffered himself to be seduced by bribes in several affairs submitted to his judgment, and that he had pronounced sentences contrary to law.—"I should never have thought you capable of such baseness," replied the Czar; "and what was the reason of your conducting yourself thus?"—"Because I found," answered the culprit with confusion, "that whatever were my exertions, my gain was confined to my salary, which is not only too small to enable me to provide any thing for my wife and children, but also to permit me to live like other persons of the rank to which your majesty has raised me; so that my situation was not more enviable than before."

"How much then would it require," said the Czar, "to put you above the necessity of receiving presents, and making a trade of justice?"—"Twice the income

I enjoy at present," answered the judge.—"Will that be sufficient," said the Czar, "to enable you to discharge the duties of your office with fidelity?"—"Yes Sire," cried the magistrate; and I will submit to the severest punishment if I ever pronounce one unjust sentence from interested motives, if I receive presents, if I act contrary to law, or if I make an ill use of your majesty's confidence."—"Well," continued the Emperor, "I pardon you for this time: you shall enjoy double your present salary, and I will add to it half as much more, on condition that you keep your word; for, depend upon it, that in future I will have a constant eye on your conduct, and if I detect you again, be assured you shall inevitably be hanged."

The governor, transported with joy, fell at his sovereign's feet to return him thanks. His conduct for about a year was conformable to the desire and wishes of the Czar; he administered justice according to the most rigid rules of equity, and discharged all the functions of his office in an irreproachable manner; but fancying at last, that the Emperor had long ceased from inspecting his conduct, he began to take presents again, and to commit acts of oppression and injustice. The Czar being informed of this, the judge was tried and found guilty, and received a message from the sovereign, importing, that as he had not kept his word, his prince was under the necessity of keeping his, and he was accordingly hanged.

POETICAL

POETICAL ESSAYS.

For the Ladies Magazine.

MIRA'S COMPLAINT.

FROM fields and lawns and
groves, where beauty blooms,
And joy to all but hapless Mira
comes :

From weeping grots where echo
mocks distress,

From rocky caves, and ev'ry wild
recess;

From haunted shades, the resi-
dence of night,

From every scene of solitude I
write.

Is there ye God's! in language to
be found,

That happy phrase, that can con-
vey a wound,

To reach with sweet revenge, a
traitors heart;

And half the mis'ries of my own
impart :

But why should Mira, such delu-
sions try?

The most expressive sentence—is
a sigh.

Yet faithless Ferdinand, un-
mov'd can hear,

The softest sigh, the accents
of despair;

And all the melting rhetoric of
a tear.

There was a time, when Ferdi-
nand could mourn,

And blend his Mira's suff'rings
with his own ;

No separate stock of joy or grief,
we kept,

Alike we lov'd, we laugh'd, we
car'd, we wept :

But now, how chang'd is Ferdi-
nand become,

His language lifeless, and his pas-
sion dumb.

His letters short, and yet that
shortness gives,

No welcome news—but only that
he lives ;

And tho' his Mira still remains
the same,

He seems to know her only by
that name.

Last night at 9. the long expected
post,

The sight of whom I dreaded, like
a ghost ;

With winding horn, that shook
my every thought,

Pas'd through the village—but
no letter brought :

Oh ! guess my mind, but ah ! that
heart of steel,

Estrang'd from love—can neither
guess nor feel.

The chain is broke, the sweet
communion ends,

That ty'd our hearts, like lovers
and like friends,

Fill'd with a thousand, soul-con-
vulsive fears,

Reproach'd by prudence, and dis-
solv'd in tears :

Up to my room, with trembling
haste I ran,

A a To

To curse the hour—I first believ'd
 a man !
 But ah ! how fondly is the heart
 deceiv'd,
 And ev'ry flatt'ring circumstance
 believ'd ;
 For while with tears before the
 gods I swore,
 To think of faithless Ferdinand
 no more ;
 A private signal, to my chamber
 came,
 And gently tapping—call'd *a let-
 ter*, Ma'm :
 With all the transport that the
 heart can feel,
 I snatch'd the prize, and trem-
 bling broke the seal ;
 Then fondly gaz'd upon the well-
 known hand,
 And kiss'd with tears—the name
 of Ferdinand ;
 Revok'd my vows, renounc'd my
 rash design,
 And bless'd the day that first I'd
 call him mine :
 But when impatient to behold
 your love,
 I fondly call my longing eyes a-
 bove ;
 That cold unmeaning title of ' my
 dear,'
 Check'd ev'ry joy, and rais'd up
 ev'ry fear :
 Was there no name, that Ferdi-
 nand could find,
 More sweet, more fond, more
 passionately kind.
 More hap'ly fitted to assuage des-
 pair,
 And feed the luxury of—a lover's
 ear.
 That common compliment, of
 cold respect,
 When us'd by lovers, signifies
 neglect :

But why ! ah why ! should Mira
 reason thus,
 When ev'ry line you write—reads
 ten times worse :
 So cold, so careless, so unlike to
 mine,
 That Mira scarcely can believe it
 thine ;
 And thus perplex'd—has kindly
 wrote to know,
 Whether the last—is Ferdinand's
 or no ?

MIRA.



The CONFESSION.

BLithe Colin, a pretty young
 swain,
 To court me walks many a
 mile ;
 I bid him return back again,
 Though I with him to stay a
 great while.

With all by which love is ex-
 press'd,
 He studies my heart to beguile ;
 I wish him success I protest,
 Though I tell him he'll wait a
 great while.

He brought me a nosegay so sweet,
 And thought it more pleasure
 than toil,
 I took it reserv'd and discreet,
 But I let him not wait a great
 while.

He begg'd me to grant him a kiss,
 So earnest it made me to smile ;
 Have done, I cry'd, fie ! 'tis amiss,
 Though I wish'd it to last a
 great awhile.

He

He tells me I ought to be kind,
That time all my beauties will
spoil ;
I cross him, tho' quite of his
mind,
For I love he should talk a great
while.

I fancy by what he has said,
My husband he'll be by his
stile ?
And, when he once asks me to
wed,
Oh ! I'll not live a maid a great
while.



PITY ; OR THE BULL-FINCH'S
NEST—*A Pastoral.*

*The tear that rolls from Pity's eye, is
incense most acceptable to heav'n.*

BROWN.

LAST spring, when the swal-
low return'd back again,
And Flora with cowslips, had
painted the plain,
I ran to the maid whom my heart
most approves,
I told her of this, and that bloom
deck'd the groves :
She smil'd at the tidings, and made
me engage,
To furnish a Bull-finch, to pipe
in her cage.

In time, O ye shepherds, attend
to my lay,
I ne'er shall forget, whil'st there's
bloom on the spray ;
A ram in a thicket had fasten'd
his horn,
And strugg'led, and baa'd to be
quit of the thorn ;

I ran to relieve him, and there I
admir'd,
A nest of those sweet ones, my
Phillis requir'd.

I took from the brake the dear in-
nocent train,
Strait, enraptur'd, to Phillis flew
over the plain ;
The maid was directing the vine
o'er her bow'r,
To shield from the son, or to
keep off the show'r ;
The moment she saw me, the
boon she confess'd,
And with rapture accepted the
Bull finch's nest !

(How strange the transaction) she
look'd on the young,
Her eye drop'd a tear, pity flow'd
from her tongue :
Ah ! Damon she cry'd, with a
heart-piercing sigh,
'Twould grieve me to death, if
these charmers should die :
Tho' great should be my care, to
rear up the nest,
The parent (my Damon) must
cherish them best.

I kiss'd her for this, and com-
mended the maid,
That instant we ran with the nest
to the shade ;
Where scarce had we plac'd it in
safety again,
When the finch came delighted, to
cherish her train :
My Phillis beheld, and with rap-
ture confess'd ;
That much might be learn'd from
the Bull-finch's nest !

I told her through life it should be
my delight,

To

To copy the precepts display'd to
my sight,
And urg'd her that moment to tell
me the day,
When at church she would pro-
mise to love and obey;
Most sweetly she answer'd, and
blush'd like the rose,
I leave that, my shepherd, for you
to disclose.

Altho' we've been wed a long
summer and more,
'Tis true that I love her as well
as before;
The fury Contention, ne'er en-
ter'd her breast,
She's gentle to me, as the finch to
her nest;
Ye swains, when ye wander in
search of a wife,
I'd have you get such, and you're
happy for life.

VERSES—*On Miss S*—n.

HAIL! charmer, than the
rose more fair,
Her face is beauty's throne;
Of lovely, sweet, and graceful
air,
Her charms can yield to none.

Hail, virtuous maid! quite free
from care,
In her, peace reigns confest;
No troubles, discontent, or fear,
Assails her pious breast.

Not puff'd with hateful pride her
mind,
Of unaffected mien;
She's condescending, gentle, kind,
Mild, prudent, and serene.

Retire ye foolish slaves to dress,
Who paint before your'e seen;
Ye dare not look her in the face,
For graceful, modest mien,
CASTALIO.

A S O N G.

FEMALE EXTRAVAGANCE.

OFT, too oft, by lucre led,
Fair ones court the nuptial
bed;
Studious only to appear,
Gay throughout the giddy year.

Studious only to display,
Di'monds in the face of day;
See them while they wed in haste,
Drive to ruin quite in taste.

Taste, a word how often us'd!
Taste, a word how much abus'd!
Taste, for that what numbers press
Running wildly to distress?

Running wildly up and down,
Wasting time throughout the
town;
While their fortune flying round,
Soon is far too slender found.

Far too slender to supply,
Wants which tow'ring to the sky;
Cannot for a life of show,
Gain rich friends—by funds be-
low.

A C H A R A D E.

MY first's a term upon the
open road, [God;
My next's the noblest work of
My whole's what oft' causes fear,
Unto the nightly traveller.

NEW



NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A VINDICATION OF THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN: *With Strictures on political and moral Subjects.* By MARY WOOLSTONECRAFT.

THIS lady is known to the world, by her answer to Mr. Burke, and we now behold her employing her pen in behalf of her own sex. This book is dedicated to M. Talleyrand-Perigord, late Bishop of Autun. Some passages in that gentleman's celebrated report on education has, it seems, displeased. She thus addresses him:

Consider, Sir, dispassionately, these observations—for a glimpse of this truth seemed to open before you when you observed, 'that to see one half of the human race excluded by the other from all participation of government, was a political phenomenon that, according to abstract principles, it was impossible to explain.' If so, on what does your constitution rest? If the abstract rights of man will bear discussion and explanation, those of woman, by a parity of reasoning, will not shrink from the same test: though a different opinion prevails in this country, built on the very arguments which you use to justify the oppression of woman—prescription.

Consider, I address you as a legislator, whether, when men contend for their freedom, and to

be allowed to judge for themselves respecting their own happiness, it be not inconsistent and unjust to subjugate women, even though you firmly believe that you are acting in the manner best calculated to promote their happiness? Who made man the exclusive judge, if woman partake with him the gift of reason?

In this style, argue tyrants of every denomination, from the weak king to the weak father of a family; they are all eager to crush reason; yet always assert that they usurp its throne only to be useful. Do you not act a similar part, when you force all women, by denying them civil and political rights, to remain immured in their families groping in the dark? for surely, Sir, you will not assert, that a duty can be binding which is not founded on reason? If indeed this be their destination, arguments may be drawn from reason: and thus awfully supported, the more understanding women require, the more they will be attached to their duty—comprehending it—for unless they comprehend it, unless their morals be fixed on the same immutable principle as those of man, no authority can make them discharge it in a virtuous manner. They may be convenient slaves, but slavery will have its constant effect, degrading the master and the abject dependant.

But,

But, if women are to be excluded, without having a voice, from a participation of the natural rights of mankind, prove first, to ward off the charge of injustice and inconsistency, that they want reason—else this flaw in your new **NEW CONSTITUTION**, the first constitution founded on reason, will ever shew that man must, in some shape, act like a tyrant, and tyranny, in whatever part of society it rears its brazen front, will ever undermine morality.

In an advertisement we are told that the work extends to two volumes.

This volume consists of an introduction, and thirteen chapters, the subjects of which are, I. The rights and involved duties of mankind. II. and III. The prevailing opinion of a sexual character discussed. IV. Observations on the state of degradation to which woman is reduced by various causes. V. Animadversions on some of the writers who have rendered women objects of pity, bordering on contempt. VI. The effect which an early association of ideas has upon the character VII. Modesty.—Comprehensively considered, and not as a sexual virtue. VIII. Morality undetermined by sexual notions of the importance of a good reputation. IX. Of the pernicious effects which arise from the unnatural distinctions established in society. X. Parental affection. XI. Duty to parents. XII. On national education. XIII. Some instances of the folly which the ignorance of women generates; with concluding reflections on the moral improvement that a revolution in female manners may naturally be expected to produce.

We have perused this volume with great pleasure; it contains a vast variety of reflections, solid and entertaining; and although we cannot wholly agree with our fair authoress in all the points she contends for, yet to shew her we are much pleased with her work, we shall be pretty copious in our review of it.

In the Introduction she says,

After considering the historic page, and viewing the living world with anxious solicitude, the most melancholy emotions of sorrowful indignation have depressed my spirits, and I have sighed when obliged to confess, that either nature has made a great difference between man and man, or that the civilization which has hitherto taken place in the world has been very partial. I have turned over various books written on the subject of education, and patiently observed the conduct of parents, and the management of schools; but what has been the result?—a profound conviction, that the neglected education of my fellow-creatures is the grand source of the misery I deplore; and that women, in particular, are rendered weak and wretched by a variety of concurring causes, originating from one hasty conclusion. The conduct and manners of woman, in fact, evidently prove that their minds are not in a healthy state; for like the flowers which are planted in too rich a soil, strength and usefulness are sacrificed to beauty; and the flaunting leaves, after having pleased a fastidious eye, fade, disregarded on the stalk, long before the

the season when they ought to have arrived at maturity.—One cause of this barren blooming, I attribute to a false system of education, gathered from the books written on this subject by men, who, considering females rather as women, than human creatures, have been more anxious to make them alluring mistresses than rational wives; and the understanding of the sex has been so bubbled by this specious homage, that the civilized women of the present century, with a few exceptions, are only anxious to inspire love, when they ought to cherish a nobler ambition, and by their abilities and virtues, exact respect.

In a treatise, therefore, on female rights and manners, the works which have been particularly written for their improvement must not be overlooked; especially when it is asserted, in direct terms, that the minds of women are enfeebled by false refinement; that the books of instruction, written by men of genius, have had the same tendency as more frivolous productions; and that in the true style of Mahometanism, they are only considered as females, and not as a part of the human species, when improveable reason is allowed to be the dignified distinction which raises men above the brute creation, and puts a natural sceptre in a feeble hand.

And again—

My own sex, I hope, will excuse me, if I treat them like rational creatures, instead of flat-

tering their *fascinating* graces, and viewing them as if they were in a state of perpetual childhood, unable to stand alone. I earnestly wish to point out in what true dignity and human happiness consists—I wish to persuade women to endeavour to acquire strength, both of mind and body, and to convince them that the soft phrases, susceptibility of heart, delicacy of sentiment, and refinement of taste, are almost synonymous with epithets of weakness, and that those beings who are only the objects of pity, and that kind of love which has been termed its sister, will soon become objects of contempt.

Dismissing then those pretty feminine phrases, which the men condescendingly use to soften our slavish dependence, and despising that weak elegance of mind, exquisite sensibility, and sweet docility of manners, supposed to be the sexual characteristics of the weaker vessel, I wish to shew that elegance is inferior to virtue, that the first object of laudable ambition is to obtain a character as a human being, regardless of the distinction of sex; and that secondary views should be brought to this simple touchstone.

In the first chapter, on the rights and involved duties of mankind, we find some excellent remarks.

The civilization of the people of Europe, she thinks, very partial; much of which she ascribes to the introduction of hereditary honours, riches, and monarchy. She thus speaks of Rousseau's opinion.

Impressed

Impressed by this view of the misery and disorder which pervaded society, and fatigued with jostling against artificial fools, Rousseau became enamoured of solitude, and, being at the same time an optimist, he labours with uncommon eloquence to prove, that man was naturally a solitary animal. Misled by his respect for the goodness of God, who certainly—for what man of sense and feeling can doubt it!—gave life only to communicate happiness, he considers evil as positive, and the work of man; not aware that he was exalting one attribute at the expence of another, equally necessary to divine perfection.

Again—

Rousseau exerts himself to prove that all *was* right originally: a crowd of authors that all is *now* right: and I, that all *will* be right.

After being very severe on kings, our authoress remarks, and we think with great justice, that every profession, in which great subordination of rank constitutes its power, is highly injurious to monarchy. Her reflections on the army are certainly severe, but as certainly just; and we are happy to find one female, who has sense and spirit enough to think of this profession as it deserves.

A standing army, for instance, is incompatible with freedom; because subordination and rigour are the very sinews of military discipline; and despotism is necessary to give vigour to enterprizes, that one will direct. A spi-

rit inspired by romantic notions of honour, a kind of morality founded on the fashion of the age, can only be felt by a few officers, whilst the main body must be moved by command, like the waves of the sea; for the strong wind of authority pushes the crowd of subalterns forward, they scarcely know or care why, with head-long fury.

Besides, nothing can be so prejudicial to the morals of the inhabitants of country towns, as the occasional residence of a set of idle superficial young men, whose only occupation is gallantry, and whose polished manners render vice more dangerous, by concealing its deformity under gay ornamental drapery. An air of fashion, which is but a badge of slavery, and proves that the soul has not a strong individual character, awes simple country people into an imitation of the vices, when they cannot catch the slippery graces of politeness. Every corps is a chain of despots, who, submitting and tyrannizing without exercising their reason, become dead weights of vice on the community. A man of rank or fortune, sure of rising by interest, has nothing to do but to pursue some extravagant freak; whilst the needy gentleman, who is to rise, as the phrase turns, by his merit, becomes a servile parasite, or vile pander.

In treating of the opinion of a sexual character, she often attacks the opinions of Rousseau in his Emilius, and Dr. Gregory in his Legacy to his daughters. Speaking of the
causes

causes that enslave women, she says,

Many are the causes that, in the present corrupt state of society, contribute to enslave women, by cramping their understandings and sharpening their senses. One, perhaps, that silently does more mischief than all the rest, is their disregard of order.

To do every thing in an orderly manner, is a most important precept, which women, who, generally speaking, receive only a disorderly kind of education, seldom attend to with that degree of exactness that men, who from their infancy are broken into method, observe. This negligent kind of guess-work, for what other epithet can be used to point out the random exertions of a sort of instinctive common sense, never brought to the test of reason? prevents their generalizing matters of fact—so they do to-day, what they did yesterday, merely because they did it yesterday.

In this chapter she has another stroke at military men.

As a proof that education gives this appearance of weakness to females, we may instance the example of military men, who are, like them, sent into the world before their minds have been stored with knowledge, or fortified by principles. The consequences are similar; soldiers acquire a little superficial knowledge, snatched from the muddy current of conversation, and, from continually mixing with society,

they gain what is termed a knowledge of the world; and this acquaintance with manners and customs, has frequently been confounded with a knowledge of the human heart. But can the crude fruit of casual observation, never brought to the test of judgment, formed by comparing speculation and experience, deserve such a distinction? Soldiers, as well as women, practise the minor virtues with punctilious politeness. Where is then the sexual difference, when the education has been the same? All the difference that I can discern, arises from the superior advantage of liberty, which enables the former to see more of life.

As a reason for the prevailing opinion, that women were created for man, she remarks—

Probably the prevailing opinion, that woman was created for man, may have taken its rise from Moses's practical story; yet, as very few, it is presumed, who have bestowed any serious thought on the subject, ever supposed that Eve was, literally speaking, one of Adam's ribs, the deduction must be allowed to fall to the ground; or, only be so far admitted as it proves that man, from the remotest antiquity, found it convenient to exert his strength to subjugate his companion, and his invention to shew that she ought to have her neck bent under the yoke; because she, as well as the brute creation, was created to do his pleasure.

Let it not be concluded, that I wish to invert the order of things;

B b

I have

I have already granted, that, from the constitution of their bodies, men seem to be designed by Providence to attain a greater degree of virtue. I speak collectively of the whole sex; but I see not the shadow of a reason to conclude that their virtues should differ in respect to their nature. In fact, how can they, if virtue has only one eternal standard? I must therefore, if I reason consequentially, as strenuously maintain that they have the same simple direction, as that there is a God.

Dr. Gregory, we have observed, in many respects meets our authoress's disapprobation, particularly with respect to his advice to a wife, not to let her husband know the extent of her affection. This naturally leads to the subject of love, and our readers will possibly not be displeased to have a lady's opinion on this subject.

Love, the common passion, in which chance and sensation take place of choice and reason, is, in some degree, felt by the mass of mankind; for it is not necessary to speak, at present, of the emotions that rise above or sink below love. This passion naturally increased by suspense and difficulties, draws the mind out of its accustomed state, and exalts the affections; but the security of marriage, allowing the fever of love to subside, a healthy temperature is thought insipid, only by those who have not sufficient intellect to substitute the calm tenderness of friendship, the confidence of respect, instead of blind

admiration, and the sensual emotions of fondness.

This is, must be, the course of nature:—friendship or indifference inevitably succeeds love.—And this constitution seems perfectly to harmonize with the system of government which prevails in the moral world. Passions are spurs to action, and open the mind; but they sink into mere appetites, become a personal and momentary gratification, when the object is gained, and the satisfied mind rests in enjoyment. The man who had some virtue whilst he was struggling for a crown, often becomes a voluptuous tyrant when it graces his brow; and, when the lover is not lost in the husband, the dotard, a prey to childish caprices, and fond jealousies, neglects the serious duties of life, and the caresses which should excite confidence in his children are lavished on the overgrown child, his wife.

After combating a variety of opinions in favour of the present system of female education, she adds,

Let fancy now present a woman with a tolerable understanding, for I do not wish to leave the line of mediocrity, whose constitution, strengthened by exercise, has allowed her body to acquire its full vigour; her mind, at the same time, gradually expanding itself to comprehend the moral duties of life, and in what human virtue and dignity consist.

Formed thus by the discharge of the relative duties of her station, she marries from affection, without

out losing sight of prudence, and looking beyond matrimonial felicity, she secures her husband's respect before it is necessary to exert mean arts to please him and feed a dying flame, which nature doomed to expire when the object became familiar, when friendship and forbearance take place of a more ardent affection. This is the natural death of love, and domestic peace is not destroyed by struggles to prevent its extinction. I also suppose the husband to be virtuous; or she is still more in want of independent principles.

Fate, however, breaks this tie. —She is left a widow, perhaps, without a sufficient provision; but she is not desolate! The pang of nature is felt; but after time has softened sorrow into melancholy resignation: her heart turns to her children with redoubled fondness, and anxious to provide for them, affection gives a sacred heroic cast to her maternal duties. She thinks that not only the eye sees her virtuous efforts from whom all her comfort now must flow, and whose approbation is life; but her imagination, a little abstracted and exalted by grief, dwells on the fond hope that the eyes which her trembling hand closed, may still see how she subdues every wayward passion to fulfil the double duty of being the father as well as the mother of her children. Raised to heroism by misfortunes, she represses the first faint dawning of a natural inclination, before it ripens into love, and in the bloom of life forgets her sex—forgot the pleasure of an awakening passion, which

might again have been inspired and returned. She no longer thinks of pleasing, and conscious dignity prevents her from priding herself on account of the praise which her conduct demands. Her children have her love, and her brightest hopes are beyond the grave, where her imagination often strays.

I think I see her surrounded by her children, reaping the reward of her care. The intelligent eye meets hers, whilst health and innocence smile on their chubby cheeks, and as they grow up, the cares of life are lessened by their grateful attention. She lives to see the virtues which she endeavoured to plant on principles, fixed into habits, to see her children attain a strength of character sufficient to enable them to endure adversity, without forgetting their mother's example.

The task of life thus fulfilled, she calmly waits for the sleep of death, and rising from the grave, may say—Behold, thou gavest me a talent—and here are five talents.

From her observations on the causes of the degradation of women, we shall not make any extract, as she has not advanced any thing new. Her animadversions on the writers who have rendered women objects of pity, are chiefly on Rousseau, Fordyce, Dr. Gregory, and Lord Chesterfield. Of the celebrated works of Madame Genlis she says,

Madame Genlis has written several entertaining books for children; and her Letters on Education afford many useful hints, that

that sensible parents will certainly avail themselves of; but her views are narrow, and her prejudices as unreasonable as strong.

I shall pass over her vehement argument in favour of the eternity of future punishments, because I blush to think that a human being should ever argue vehemently in such a cause, and only make a few remarks on her absurd manner of making the parental authority supplant reason. For every where does she inculcate not only *blind* submission to parents, but to the opinion of the world.

She tells a story of a young man engaged by his father's express desire to a girl of fortune. Before the marriage could take place, she is deprived of her fortune, and thrown friendless on the world. The father practises the most infamous arts to separate his son from her, and when the son detects his villainy, and, following the dictates of honour, marries the girl, nothing but misery ensues, because forsooth he married *without* his father's consent. On what ground can religion or morality rest when justice is thus set at defiance? In the same style she represents an accomplished young woman, as ready to marry any body that her *mamma* pleased to recommend; and, as actually marrying the young man of her own choice, without feeling any emotions of passion, because that a well educated girl had not time to be in love. Is it possible to have much respect for a system of education that thus insults reason and nature.

Many similar opinions occur in her writings, mixed with sentiments that do honour to her head and heart. Yet so much superstition is mixed with her religion, and so much worldly wisdom with her morality, that I should not let a young person read her works, unless I could afterwards converse on the subjects, and point out the contradictions.

The following are the particulars of our fair authoress's concluding section.

It is not necessary to inform the sagacious reader, now I enter on my concluding reflections, that the discussion of this subject merely consists in opening a few simple principles, and clearing away the rubbish which obscured them. But, as all readers are not sagacious, I must be allowed to add some explanatory remarks to bring the subject home to reason,—to that sluggish reason, which supinely takes opinions on trust, and obstinately supports them to spare itself the labour of thinking.

Moralists have unanimously agreed, that unless virtue be nursed by liberty, it will never attain due strength—and what they say of man, I extend to mankind, insisting, that in all cases, morals must be fixed on immutable principles; and, that the being cannot be termed rational or virtuous, who obeys any authority but that of reason.

To render women truly useful members of society, I argue that they should be led, by having their understandings

understandings cultivated on a large scale, to acquire a rational affection for their country, founded on knowledge, because it is obvious that we are little interested about what we do not understand. And to render this general knowledge of due importance, I have endeavoured to shew that private duties are never properly fulfilled unless the understanding enlarges the heart; and that public virtue is only an aggregate of private. But, the distinctions established in society, undermines both, by beating out the solid gold of virtue, till it becomes only the tinsel-covering of vice; for whilst wealth renders a man more respectable than virtue, wealth will be sought before virtue; and, whilst women's persons are carested, when a childish simper shews an absence of mind—the mind will lie fallow. Yet, true voluptuousness must proceed from the mind—for what can equal the sensations produced by mutual affection, supported by mutual respect? What are the cold, or feverish caresses of appetite, but sin embracing death, compared with the modest overflowings of a pure heart and exalted imagination? Yes, let me tell the libertine of fancy, when he despises understanding in woman—that the mind, which he disregards, gives life to the enthusiastic affection from which rapture, short-lived as it is, alone can flow! And, that, without virtue, a sexual attachment must expire, like a tallow candle in the socket, creating intolerable disgust. To prove this, I need only observe, that

men who have wasted great part of their lives with women, and with whom they have sought for pleasure with eager thirst, entertain the meanest opinion of the sex. Virtue, true refiner of joy!—if foolish men were to fright thee from earth, in order to give loose to all their appetites without a check—some sensual wight of taste, would scale the heavens to invite thee back, to give a zest to pleasure!

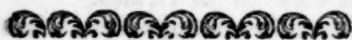
The affection of husbands and wives cannot be pure when they have so few sentiments in common, and when so little confidence is established at home, as must be the case when their pursuits are so different. That intimacy from which tenderness should flow, will not, cannot subsist between the vicious.

From the tyranny of man, I firmly believe, the greater number of female follies proceed; and the cunning, which I allow makes at present a part of their character, I likewise have repeatedly endeavoured to prove, is produced by oppression.

Let women share the rights, and she will emulate the virtues of man; for she must grow more perfect when emancipated, or justify the authority that chains such a weak being to her duty.—If the latter, it will be expedient to open a fresh trade with Russia for whips; a present which a father should always make to his son-in-law, on his wedding-day, that a husband may keep his whole family in order by the same means; and without any violation of justice reign, wielding the sceptre, sole master
of

of his house, because he is the only being in it who has reason: the divine, indefeasible earthly sovereignty, breathed into man, by the Master of the Universe. Allowing this position, women have no inherent rights to claim, and by the same rule, their duties vanish, for rights and duties are inseparable.

Be just then, O ye men of understanding! and mark not more severely what women do amiss, than the vicious tricks of the horse or the ass, for whom ye provide provender—and allow her the privileges of ignorance, to whom ye deny the rights of reason, or ye will be worse than Egyptian taskmasters, expecting virtue where nature has not given understanding.



Foreign News.

Warsaw, July 6.

THE Russians, upon taking possession of Nieswics, instead of fulfilling the terms, which they themselves held out to the garrison, gave a loose to every species of barbarity, spreading pillage among the defenceless inhabitants. The Polish commander, immediately upon this, dispatched an officer to the Russian general, proposing a suspension of hostilities for a limited time, that during the interval a stop might be put to the effusion of the blood of so many citizens. The Russian commander, however, refused a

truce, on pretence that he had express orders from his sovereign, to efface the very traces of the new Polish constitution, adopted on the 3d of May, 1791.

Coblentz, July 8 The Prussian troops are arrived here. The son of the king of Prussia came in the day before yesterday, at the head of a regiment of hussars, about fifteen hundred strong. It is supposed to be the finest regiment in Europe, being entirely composed of men six feet high. The next day arrived a body of chasseurs. These handle their carabines with such skill, that often at the distance of 500 steps, they will hit a crown piece with a single ball. Their discipline is very severe, an idea of which may be gathered from what passed yesterday. A Prussian soldier, ventured to make some disrespectful remarks relative to the war against France, before four of his comrades. Two days after, a subaltern officer was informed of it, and related the circumstance to his superior. It reached the Duke of Brunswick—He wont suffer philosophers in his army—he condemned the soldier to die. He was shot, and over his dead body, three of his comrades received a hundred lashes, for listening to his discourse, without denouncing it to his officer.

Paris, August 1. The president informed the Assembly, that he had received a packet by the post, containing the declaration issued in the name of the Duke of Brunswick.

In consequence of a report, from the committee of general inspection

spection, founded upon the conduct and threats of the enemy, in regard to the national guards, the Assembly passed a decree, by which it is declared "that if the laws of war are not strictly observed, in regard to all Frenchmen taken with arms in their hands, all the officers belonging to the enemy, who may be made prisoners, shall experience a similar treatment, whatever may be their rank, titles, or distinctions: but that the soldiery notwithstanding continue to be treated as before."

The Assembly rose, and voted this decree, by an unanimous acclamation.

The Assembly passed a decree, by which all the inhabitants of France, destitute of fire-arms, are henceforth to be armed with pikes, similar to those recommended by Marshal Saxe.

M. Pethion appeared at the bar, and demanded "that the king be declared, to have forfeited his crown, and that a ministry be elected, into whose hands the reins of government be entrusted, until a national convention shall have adopted definitive measures." This demand was applauded, and referred to the committee extraordinary.

Yesterday the National Assembly, directed an address to the national guards of Paris, and the guards from the several departments of the kingdom, that have come to Paris, in order to join the army on the frontiers. It is as follows:

"The representatives of the people, whose lively solicitude is

watching unceasingly over all parts of the kingdom, think it their duty to inform you themselves of the danger that threatens you. The enemies of the constitution double their efforts to destroy your force, by dividing it. It is the name of that liberty which you adore; it is in the nature of the law, to which you have sworn to be faithful, that they have the audacity to sow such fatal dissensions among you. Artfully perverting every circumstance, reviving every prejudice, inflaming every mind, they strive, from district to district, from division to division, to lead you on to actual crimes, and make you turn your arms against one another. They want to introduce among you, anarchy and civil discord, those terrible precursors, of despotism: they wish to deliver you, without defence, to the powers that are leagued against your liberty, your independence, and your happiness.

Citizen soldiers, mark the precipice over which they wish you to fall. The representatives of the nation have shewn it to you; they have no more fears on your account. Your patriotism, your fidelity, the interest of your country and your own, all assure them, that apprized of the perfidious plots against your safety, no force will be able to vanquish you, because no sedition will be able to disunite you."



Domestic

Domestic News.

Knoxville, August 25.

ON Saturday, the 11th inst. a party of Indians attacked a house at New-Garden, in Russell county (Virginia) killed sixteen persons, and took a woman and four children prisoners. They were followed by a company of horse, who soon came up with them, and re-took the prisoners.

Savannah, August 2. The ship America, captain Conolly, is arrived here, from Sierra Leona, with upwards of 200 slaves, who will soon be exposed for sale.

Philadelphia, Sept. 15. By a communication from governor Telfair, to the representatives in Congress, of the state of Georgia, it appears, that it will require one million of dollars, to be assumed on account of that state, to cover its state debts.

Letters from Georgia, represent the peace between the United States and the Creek Indians, to be upon a very precarious footing. It is apprehended the Spaniards have been but too successful in sowing prejudices, to the disadvantage of the United States, and it is even said, that general M'Gillivray has been incessantly assailed from that, and perhaps another quarter, to break with us. Should the strength of the Creeks be joined to the general Indian league that seems to be forming against us, from an apprehension that their country is in danger, the consequences may prove singularly distressing to the whole

frontier; and it may be found, perhaps too late, that regular armies are by no means calculated to repress Indian aggressions.

MARRIAGES.

Pennsylvania.—In Philadelphia. Mr. Moore Wharton, to Miss Molly Waln, daughter of Jesse Waln, of this city, merchant. Mr. Alexander Lawrence, jun. to Miss Anna Mann.

DEATHS.

New-York.—At Poughkeepsie. Hon. Peter Tappen, Esq.

Pennsylvania.—In Philadelphia. Captain John M'Pherfon. Near Shippensburg. Mr. John Irwin.

South Carolina.—At Charleston. Mrs. Timothy, Editor of the gazette. Mordecai Gist, late Major General, in the service of the United States. Mrs. Smith, wife of William Smith, Esq. one of the representatives in Congress, for the state of South Carolina, and daughter to the Hon. Ralph Izard, senator in Congress from said state.

FOREIGN DEATHS.

In England. Gen. Burgoyne. Lord North.

At Edinburgh, Miss Jean Duff, daughter to the Earl of Fife.

In Jamaica. Flora Gale, a free black woman, aged 120.

THE